



THE 11763 PPP. 72

HISTORY

OF

Sir John Oldcastle,

THE GOOD

LORD COBHAM.

By Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.



L O N D O N :

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MDCCXXXIV.

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THE PROLOGUE.

THE doubtful Title, Gentlemen, prefix
Upon the Argument we have in Hand,
May breed suspence, and wrongfully disturb
The peaceful Quiet of your settled Thoughts:
To stop which Scruple, let this brief suffice,
It is no pamper'd Glutton we present,
Nor aged Counsellor to youthful Sin;
But one, whose Virtue shone above the rest,
A valiant Martyr, and a virtuous Peer,
In whose true Faith and Loyalty exprest
Unto his Sovereign, and his Country's weal:
We strive to pay that Tribute of our Love
Your Favour's Merit; let fair Truth be grac'd,
Since forc'd Invention former Time defac'd.

Dramatis Personæ.

KING Henry the Fifth.
Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham.
Harpool, Servant to the Lord Cobham.
Lord Herbert, with Gough his Man.
Lord Powis, with Owen and Davy, his Men.
The Mayor of Hereford, and Sheriff of Herefordshire,
with Bailiffs and Servants.
Two Judges of Assize.
The Bishop of Rochester, and Clun his Sumner.
Sir John the Parson of Wrotham, and Doll his Concubine.
The Duke of Suffolk.
The Earl of Huntington.
The Earl of Cambridge.
Lord Scroop.
Lord Grey.
Chartres the French Agent.
Sir Roger Aston.
Sir Richard Lee.
Master Bourn,
Master Beverley,
Murley, the Brewer of Dunstable. } Rebels.
Master Butler, Gentleman of the Privy-Chamber.
Lady Cobham.
Lady Powis.
Cromer, Sheriff of Kent.
Lord Warden of the Cinque-Ports.
Lieutenant of the Tower.
The Mayor, Constable, and Goaler of St. Albans.
A Kentish Constable and an Ale-man.
Soldiers and old Men begging.
Dick and Tom, Servants to Murley.
An Irishman.
An Host, Hostler, a Carrier and Kate.

THE



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Sir John Oldcastle.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter Sheriff, Lord Herbert, Lord Powis, Owen,
Bailiff, Gough, and Davy.*

SHERIFF.



Y Lords, I charge ye in his Highness
Name to keep the Peace, you and your
Followers.

Her. Good Master Sheriff, look un-
to your self.

Pow. Do so, for we have other Bu-
siness. [*Proffer to fight again.*]

Sher. Will ye disturb the Judges, and the Assize?
Hear the King's Proclamation, ye were best.

Pow. Hold then, let's hear it.

Her. But be brief, ye were best.

Bail. O yes.

Davy. Gossone, make shorter O, or shall mar your
Yes.

Bail. O yes.

A 3

Owen,

The HISTORY of

Owen. What, has her nothing to say, but O yes?

Bail. O yes.

Davy. O nay, py cofs plut, down with her, down with her. *A Powis, a Powis.*

Gough. A Herbert, a Herbert, and down with *Powis.*
[*Helter skelter again.*]

Sher. Hold, in the King's Name, hold.

Owen. Down with a Knaves Name, down.

[*In the Fight the Bailiff is knock'd down, and the Sheriff and the other run away.*]

Her. Powis, I think thy Welsh and thou do smart.

Pow. Herbert, I think my Sword came near thy Heart.

Her. Thy Heart's best Blood shall pay the Loss of mine.

Gough. A Herbert, a Herbert.

Davy. A Powis, a Powis.

As they are fighting, Enter the Mayor of Hereford, his Officers and Townsmen with Clubs.

May. My Lords, as you are Liegemen to the Crown, True Noblemen, and Subjects to the King, Attend his Highness' Proclamation, Commanded by the Judges of *ssize*, For keeping Peace at this Assembly.

Her. Good Master Mayor of *Hereford*, be brief.

May. Serjeant, without the Ceremonies of O yes, Pronounce aloud the Proclamation.

Ser. The King's Justices perceiving what publick Mischief may ensue this private Quarrel; in his Majesty's Name, do straitly charge and command all Persons of what Degree soever. to depart this City of *Hereford*. except such as are bound to give Attendance at this *ssize*, and that no Man presume to wear any Weapon, especially Welsh-Hooks, Forest-Bills.

Owen. Haw? No pill nor Wells hoog? ha?

May. Peace. and hear the Proclamation.

Ser. And that the Lord *Powis* do presently disperse and discharge his Retinue, and depart the City in the King's Peace, he and his Followers, on pain of Imprisonment.

Davy. Haw? pud her Lord *Powis* in Prison? A *Powis, a Powis.* Cossoon, her will live and tye with her Lord.

Gough. A Herbert, a Herbert.

Sir JOHN OLDCASTLE. 7

In this Fight the Lord Herbert is wounded, and falls to the Ground, the Mayor and his Company cry for Clubs: Powis runs away, Gough and Herbert's Faction are busy about him. Enter the two Judges, the Sheriff and his Bailiffs afore them, &c.

1 Judge. Where's the Lord Herbert? Is he hurt or slain?

Sher. He's here, my Lord.

2 Judge. How fares his Lordship, Friends?

Gough. Mortally wounded, speechless, he cannot live.

1 Judge. Convey him hence, let not his Wounds take Air,

And get him drest with Expedition.

[Exit L. Herbert and Gough.]

Master Mayor of Hereford, Master Sheriff o'th' Shire,

Commit Lord Powis to safe Custody,

To answer the Disturbance of the Peace,

Lord Herbert's Peril, and his high Contempt

Of us, and you the King's Commissioners,

See it be done with Care and Diligence.

Sher. Please it your Lordship, my Lord Powis is gone past all recovery.

2 Judge. Yet let Search be made,
To apprehend his Followers that are left.

Sher. There are some of them: Sirs, lay hold of them.

Owen. Of us? and why? what has her done, I pray you?

Sher. Disarm them, Bailiffs.

May. Officers assist.

Davy. Here you, Lord Shudge, what Reason for this?

Owen. Cossion, pe puse for fighting for our Lord?

1 Judge. Away with them.

Davy. Harg you, my Lord.

Owen. Gough my Lord Herbert's Man's a shitten Kanave.

Davy. Ice live and tye in good Quarrel.

Owen. Pray you do shustice, let awl be Prison.

Davy. Prison, no,

Lord Shudge, I woel give you Pale, good Surety.

2 Judge.

2 Judge. What Bail? what Sureties?

Davy. Her Cozen ap Rice, ap Evan, ap Morice, ap Morgan, ap Lluellyn, ap Madoc, ap Meredith, ap Griffin, ap Davy, ap Owen, ap Shinken Shones.

2 Judge. Two of the most sufficient are enow.

Sher. And't please your Lordship these are all but one.

1 Judge. To Goal with them and the Lord Herbert's Men.

We'll talk with them, when the Assize is done. [Exeunt.
Riotous, audacious, and unruly Grooms,
Must we be forced to come from the Bench,
To quiet Brawls, which every Constable
In other civil Places can suppress?

2 Judge. What was the Quarrel that caus'd all this Stir?

Sher. About Religion, as I heard, my Lord.

Lord Powis's detracted from the Power of Rome,
Affirming Wickliff's Doctrine to be true,
And Rome's Erroneous: Hot Reply was made
By the Lord Herbert, they were Traitors all
That would maintain it. Powis answer'd,
They were as true, as noble, and as wise
As he, that would defend it with their Lives.
He nam'd for instance Sir John Oldcastle
The Lord Cobham: Herbert reply'd again,
He, thou, and all are Traitors that so hold.
The Lye was giv'n, the several Factions drawn,
And so enrag'd, that we could not appease it.

1 Judge. This Case concerns the King's Prerogative,
And 'tis dangerous to the State and Commonwealth.
Gentlemen, Justices, Master Mayor, and Master Sheriff,

It doth behove us all, and each of us
In general and particular, to have care,
For the suppressing of all Mutinies,
And all Assemblies, except Soldiers Musters,
For the King's Preparation into France.
We hear of secret Conventicles made,
And there is doubt of some Conspiracies,
Which may break out into rebellious Arms
When the King's gone, perchance before he go:
Note as an Instance, this one perillous Fray,

What

Sir JOHN OLDCASTLE. 9

What Factions might have grown on either part,
To the Destruction of the King and Realm :
Yet, in my Conscience, *Sir John Oldcastle's*
Innocent of it, only his Name was us'd.
We therefore from his Highness give this Charge :
You, Master Mayor, look to your Citizens,
You, Master Sheriff, unto your Shire, and you
As Justices in every one's Precinct
There be no Meetings. When the vulgar Sort
Sit on their Ale-Bench, with their Cups and Cans,
Matters of State be not their common Talk,
Nor pure Religion by their Lips prophan'd.
And there examine further of this Fray.

Enter a Bailiff and a Serjeant.

Sher. Sirs, have ye taken the Lord *Powis* yet ?

Bail. No, nor heard of him.

Ser. No, he's gone far enough.

2 *Judge.* They that are left behind, shall answer all.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter the Duke of Suffolk, Bishop of Rochester, Master
Butler, Sir John the Parson of Wrotham.*

Suf. Now, my Lord Bishop, take free Liberty
To speak your Mind ; what is your Suit to us ?

Roch. My noble Lord, no more than what you know,
And have been oftentimes invested with :
Grievous Complaints have past between the Lips
Of envious Persons to upbraid the Clergy,
Some carping at the Livings which we have ;
And others spurning at the Ceremonies
That are of ancient Custom in the Church.
Amongst the which, Lord *Cobham* is a Chief :
What Inconvenience may proceed hereof,
Both to the King and to the Commonwealth,
May easily be discern'd, when like a Frensy
This Innovation shall possess their Minds.
These Upstarts will have Followers to uphold
Their damn'd Opinion, more than *Harry* shall
To undergo his Quarrel 'gainst the *French*.

Suf. What Proof is there against them to be had,
That what you say the Law may justify ?

Roch.

Roch. They give themselves the Name of Protestants,
And meet in Fields and solitary Groves.

S. John. Was ever heard, my Lord, the like till
now?

That Thieves and Rebels, 'sblood Hereticks,
Plain Hereticks, I'll stand to't to their Teeth,
Should have, to colour their vile Practices,
A Title of such worth, as Protestant?

Enter one with a Letter.

Suf. O but you must not swear, it ill becomes
One of your Coat, to rap out bloody Oaths.

Roch. Pardon him, good my Lord; it is his Zeal:
An honest Country Prelate, who laments
To see such foul Disorder in the Church.

S. John. There's one, they call him Sir *John Oldcastle*.
He has not his Name for nought: For like a Castle
Doth he encompass them within his Walls.
But 'till that Castle be subverted quite,
We ne'er shall be at quiet in the Realm.

Roch. This is our Suit, my Lord, that he be ta'en
And brought in question for his Heresy:
Beside, two Letters brought me out of *Wales*,
Wherein my Lord of *Hertford* writes to me,
What Tumult and Sedition was begun,
About the Lord *Cobham*, at the Sizes there,
For they had much ado to calm the Rage,
And that the valiant *Herbert* is there slain.

Suf. A Fire that must be quench'd. Well say no more,
The King anon goes to the Council Chamber,
There to debate of Matters touching *France*,
As he doth pass by, I'll inform his Grace
Concerning your Petition. Master *Butler*,
If I forget, do you remember me.

But. I will, my Lord.

Roch. Not as a Recompence,
But as a Token of our Love to you, [*Offers him a Purse*]
By me, my Lords, the Clergy doth present
This Purse, and in it full a thousand Angels,
Praying your Lordship to accept their Gift.

Suf. I thank them, my Lord Bishop, for their love,
But will not take their Money; if you please

To

Sir JOHN OLDCASTLE. II

To give it to this Gentleman, you may.

Roch. Sir, then we crave your furtherance herein.

But. The best I can, my Lord of *Rocheſter*.

Roch. Nay, pray take it, truſt me you ſhall.

S. John. Were ye all three upon *New Market Heath*,
You ſhould not need ſtrain curſie who ſhould ha'r,
Sir John would quickly rid ye of that care.

Suf. The King is coming: Fear ye not, my Lord,
The very firſt thing I will break with him
Shall be about your matter.

Enter the King, and Earl of Huntington in talk.

King. My Lord of *Suffolk*.

Was it not ſaid the Clergy did reſuſe
To lend us Money toward our Wars in *France*?

Suf. It was my Lord, but very wrongfully.

King. I know it was: For *Huntington* here tells me
They have been very bountiful of late.

Suf. And ſtill they vow, my gracious Lord, to
be ſo,

Hoping your Maſteſty will think on them
As of your loving Subjects, and ſuppreſs
All ſuch malicious Errors as begin
To ſpot their calling, and diſturb the Church.

King. God elſe forbid: why, *Suffolk*,
Is there any new Rupture to diſquiet them?

Suf. No new, my Lord, the old is great enough,
And ſo increaſing, as if not cut down,
Will breed a ſcandal to your Royal State,
And ſet your Kingdom quickly in an uproar.
The *Kentish Knight*, Lord *Cobham*, in deſpight
Of any Law, or ſpiritual Diſcipline,
Maintains this upſtart new Religion ſtill,
And divers great Aſſemblies by his means,
And private Quarrels are commenc'd abroad,
As by this Letter more at large, my Liege, is made
apparent.

King. We do find it here,
There was in *Wales* a certain Fray of late
Between two Noblemen. But what of this?
Follows it ſtraight Lord *Cobham* muſt be he
Did cauſe the ſame? I dare be ſworn, good Knight,

He

He never dream'd of any such contention.

Roch. But in his Name the quarrel did begin,
About the Opinion which he held, my Liege.

King. What if it did? was either he in place
To take part with them? or abett them in it?
If brabbling Fellows, whose enkindled Blood
Seeths in their fiery Veins, will needs go fight,
Making their Quarrels of some words that past
Either of you, or you, amongst their Cups,
Is the Fault yours? or are they guilty of it?

Suf. With pardon of your Highness, my dread
Lord,

Such little Sparks neglected, may in time
Grow to a mighty Flame. But that's not all,
He doth beside maintain a strange Religion,
And will not be compell'd to come to Mass.

Roch. We do beseech you therefore, gracious
Prince,

Without Offence unto your Majesty,
We may be bold to use Authority.

King. As how?

Roch. To summon him unto the Arches,
Where such Offences have their Punishment.

King. To answer personally, is that your meaning?

Roch. It is, my Lord.

King. How if he appeal?

Roch. My Lord, he cannot in such a Case as this.

Suf. Not where Religion is the Plea, my Lord.

King. I took it always, that our self stood on't

As a sufficient Refuge: Unto whom

Not any but might lawfully appeal.

But we'll not argue now upon that Point.

For Sir *John Oldcastle*, whom you accuse,

Let me intreat you to dispense a while

With your high Title of Preheminence.

[In scorn]

Report did never yet condemn him so,

But he hath always been reputed Loyal:

And in my Knowledge I can say thus much,

That he is virtuous, wise, and honourable,

If any way his Conscience be seduc'd

To waver in his Faith, I'll send for him,

END

And school him privately : If that serve not,
Then afterward you may proceed against him.

Butler, be you the Messenger for us.

And will him presently repair to Court. [Exit.]

S. John. How now, my Lord? why stand you discontent?

Insooth, methinks, the King hath well decreed.

Roch. Ay, ay, Sir *John*, if he would keep his Word :

But I perceive he favours him so much

As this will be to small Effect; I fear.

S. John. Why then I'll tell you what you're best to do :

If you suspect the King will be but cold

In reprehending him, send you a Process too

To serve upon him, so you may be sure

To make him answer't, howsoever it fall.

Roch. And well remembered, I will have it so,

A Sumner shall be sent about it straight. [Exit.]

S. John. Yea, do so. In the mean space this remains

For kind Sir *John* of *Wrotham*, honest *Jack* :

Methinks the Purse of Gold the Bishop gave

Made a good shew, it had a tempting Look :

Beshrew me, but my Fingers ends do itch

To be upon those golden Ruddocks. Well 'tis thus;

I am not as the World doth take me for :

If ever Wolf were cloathed in Sheep's Coat,

Then I am he; old huddle and twang i' faith :

A Priest in shew, but, in plain Terms, a Thief :

Yet let me tell you too, an honest Thief :

One that will take it where it may be spar'd,

And spend it freely in good Fellowship.

I have as many Shapes as *Proteus* had,

That still when any Villany is done,

There may none suspect it was Sir *John*.

Besides, to comfort me, (for what's this Life;

Except the crabbed Bitterness thereof

Be sweetned now and then with Letchery?)

I have my *Dell*, my Concubine as 'twere,

To frolick with, a lusty bouncing Girl.

But whilst I loiter here, the Gold may scape;

And that must not be so : It is mine own;

Therefore I'll meet him on his way to Court,

And

And thrive him of it, there will be the sport. [Exit.]

Enter four poor People, some Soldiers, some old Men.

1. God help, God help, there's Law for punishing,
But there's no Law for Necessity:

There be more Stocks to set poor Soldiers in,
Than there be Houses to relieve them at.

Old Man. Ay, House-keeping decays in every place;
Even as *St. Peter* writ, still worse and worse.

2. Master Mayor of *Rocheſter* has given command,
That none shall go abroad out of the Parish, and has
set down an Order forsooth, what every Householder
must give for our Relief; where there be some sessed,
I may say to you, had almost as much need to beg
as we.

1. I: is a hard World the while.

Old Man. If a poor Man ask at Door for God's sake,
they ask him for a Licence or a Certificate from a Jus-
tice.

2. Faith we have none, but what we bear upon our
Bodies; our maim'd Limbs, God help us.

4. And yet as lame as I am, I'll with the King into
France, if I can but crawl a Ship-board, I had rather
be slain in *France*, than starve in *England*.

Old Man. Ha, were I but as lusty as I was at *Shrews-
bury* Battel, I would not do as I do; but we are now
come to the good Lord *Cobham's* House, the best Man
to the Poor in all *Kent*.

4. God bless him, there be but few such.

Enter Cobham with Harpool.

Cob. Thou peevish froward Man, what wouldst thou
have?

Har. This Pride, this Pride, brings all to beggary;
I serv'd your Father, and your Grandfather,
Shew me such two Men now: No, no,
Your Backs, your Backs, the Devil and Pride
Has cut the Throat of all good House-keeping.
They were the best Yeomens Masters that
Ever were in *England*.

Cob. Yea, except thou have a crew of filthy Knaves
And sturdy Rogues still feeding at my Gate,
There is no Hospitality with thee.

Har.

Sir JOHN OLDCASTLE. 15

Har. They may sit at the Gate well enough, but the Devil of any thing you give them, except they'll eat Stones.

Cob. 'Tis long then of such hungry Knaves as you :
Yea, Sir, here's your Retinue, your Guests be come,
They know their hours, I warrant you.

Old Man. God blefs your Honour, God save the good Lord Cobham, and all his House.

Sold. Good your Honour, bestow your blessed Alms upon poor Men.

Cob. Now, Sir, here by your Alms Knights :
Now are you as safe as the *Emperor*.

Har. My Alms Knights ? Nay, they're yours :
It is a shame for you, and I'll stand to it,
Your foolish Alms maintains more Vagabonds
Than all the Noblemen in *Kent* beside.
Out you Rogues, you Knaves, work for your Livings ;
Alas, poor Men, they may beg their Hearts out,
There's no more Charity among Men
Than amongst so many Mastive Dogs.
What make you here, you needy Knaves ?
Away, away, you Villains.

2 Sold. I beseech you, Sir, be good.

Cob. Nay, nay, they know thee well enough, I think
that all the Beggars in this Land are thy Acquaintance ;
go bestow your Alms, none will controul you, Sir.

Har. What should I give them ? you are grown so
Beggary, that you can scarce give a bit of Bread at your
Door : you talk of your Religion so long, that you have
banished Charity from you : a Man may make a Flax-
shop in your Kitchen Chimnies, for any Fire there is
stirring.

Cob. If thou wilt give them nothing, send them hence :
Let them not stand here starving in the Cold.

Har. Who, I drive them hence ? If I drive poor Men
from the Door, I'll be hang'd : I know not what I may
come to my self : God help ye poor Knaves, ye see the
World. Well, you had a Mother : O God be with thee
good Lady, thy Soul's at rest : She gave more in Shirts
and Smocks to poor Children, than you spend in your
House, and yet you live a Beggar too.

Cob.

Cob. Ev'n the worst deed that ever my Mother did,
Was relieving such a Fool as thou.

Har. Ay, I am a Fool still: with all your Wit you'll
die a Beggar, go to.

Cob. Go, you old Fool. give the poor People some-
thing: Go in poor Men into the inner Court, and take
such Alms as there is to be had.

Sold. God bless your Honour.

Har. Hang you Rogues, hang you, there's nothing but
Misery amongst you, you fear no Law, you. [*Exit.*]

Oldm. God bless you, good Master *Ralph*, God save
your Life, you are good to the Poor still. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter the Lord Powis disguis'd.

Cob. What Fellow's yonder comes along the Grove?
Few Passengers there be that know this way:
Methinks he stops as though he staid for me,
And meant to shroud himself among the Bushes.
I know the Clergy hates me to the Death,
And my Religion gets me many Foes:
And this may be some desperate Rogue
Suborn'd to work me Mischief: as pleaseith God.
If he come toward me, sure I'll stay his coming,
Be he but one Man, whatsoever he be.

[*Lord Powis comes on.*]

I have been well acquainted with that Face.

Pow. Well met, my Honourable Lord and Friend.

Cob. You are welcome, Sir, whate'er you be;
But of this sudden, Sir, I do not know you.

Pow. I am one that wisheth well unto your Honour;
My Name is *Powis*, an old Friend of yours.

Cob. My Honourable Lord, and worthy Friend,
What makes your Lordship thus alone in *Kent*?
And thus disguised in this strange Attire?

Pow. My Lord, an unexpected Accident
Hath at this time enforc'd me to these Parts,
And thus it hapt. Not yet full five Days since,
Now at the last Assize at *Hereford*,
It chanc'd that the Lord *Herbert* and my self,
'Mongst other things discoursing at the Table,
To fall in Speech about some certain Points
Of *Wickliff's* Doctrine 'gainst the Papacy,

And

Sir JOHN OLDCASTLE. 17

And the Religion Catholick maintain'd
Through the most part of *Europe* at this Day:
The wilful testy Lord stuck not to say,
That *Wickliff* was a Knave, a Schismatick,
His Doctrine devilish and Heretical:
And whatsoever he was maintain'd the same,
Was Traitor both to God, and to his Country.
Being moved at his peremptory Speech
I told him, some maintain'd those Opinions,
Men, and truer Subjects than Lord *Herbert* was:
And he replying in Comparisons,
Your Name was urg'd, my Lord, against this Chal-
lenge,

To be a perfect favourer of the Truth.
And to be short, from words we fell to blows,
Our Servants and our Tenants taking parts,
Many on both sides hurt: and for an Hour
The broil by no means could be pacified,
Until the Judges rising from the Bench,
Were in their Persons forc'd to part the Fray.

Cob. I hope no Man was violently slain.

Pow. Faith none I trust, but the Lord *Herbert's* self,
Who is in truth so dangerously hurt,
As it is doubted he can hardly scape.

Cob. I am sorry, my good Lord, of these ill News.

Pow. This is the cause that drives me into *Kent*,
To shroud my self with you so good a Friend,
Until I hear how things do speed at home.

Cob. Your Lordship is most welcome unto *Cobham*:
But I am very sorry, my good Lord,
My Name was brought in question in this matter,
Considering I have many Enemies,
That threaten Malice, and do lie in wait
To take the vantage of the smallest thing.
But you are welcome, and repose your Lordship,
And keep your self here secret in my House,
Until we hear how the Lord *Herbert* speeds.

Enter Harpool.

Here comes my Man: Sirrah, what News?

Har. Yonder's one Mr. *Butler* of the Privy Chamber,
Is sent unto you from the King.

Pow.

Pow. Pray God the Lord *Herbert* be not dead, and the King hearing whither I am gone, hath sent for me.

Cob. Comfort your self, my Lord, I warrant you.

Har. Fellow, what ails thee? dost thou quake? dost thou shake? dost thou tremble? ha?

Cob. Peace you old Fool: Sirrah, convey this Gentleman in the back way, and bring the other into the Walk.

Har. Come, Sir, you're welcome, if you love my Lord.

Pow. Gramercy, gentle Friend.

[*Exeunt*,

Cob. I thought as much that it would not be long Before I heard of something from the King, About this matter.

Enter Harpool, with Master Butler.

Har. Sir, yonder my Lord walks, you see him; I'll have your Men into the Cellar the while.

Cob. Welcome, good Master Butler.

But. Thanks, my good Lord: his Majesty doth commend his Love unto your Lordship, and wills you to repair unto the Court.

Cob. God bless his Highness, and confound his Enemies. I hope his Majesty is well?

But. In good Health, my Lord.

Cob. God long continue it: methinks you look as though you were not well, what ails ye, Sir?

But. Faith I have had a foolish odd Mischance, that angers me: coming over *Shooter's-Hill*, there came one to me like a Sailor, and ask'd me Money; and whilst I staid my Horse to draw my Purse, he takes the advantage of a little Bank, and leaps behind me, whips my Purse away, and with a sudden jerk, I know not how, threw me at least three Yards out of my Saddle; I never was so robb'd in all my Life.

Cob. I am very sorry, Sir, for your Mischance: we will send our Warrant forth, to stay such suspicious Persons as shall be found, then Mr. Butler we'll attend you.

But. I humbly thank your Lordship, I will attend you.

Enter the Sumner.

Sum. I have the Law to warrant what I do, and though the Lord *Cobham* be a Nobleman, that dispenses not with Law, I dare serve a Process were he five Noblemen; though we *Sumners* make sometimes a mad slip in a corner with a pretty Wench, a *Sumner* must not

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go always by seeing: a Man may be content to hide his Eyes where he may feel his Profit. Well, this is Lord Cobham's House, if I cannot speak with him, I'll clap my Citation upon's Door, so my Lord of Rochester bade me; but methinks here comea one of his Men.

Har. Welcome, Good-fellow, welcome, who would'st thou speak with?

Sum. With my Lord Cobham I would speak, if thou be one of his Men.

Har. Yes, I am one of his Men, but thou canst not speak with my Lord.

Sum. May I send to him then?

Har. I'll tell thee that, when I know thy Errand.

Sum. I will not tell my Errand to thee.

Har. Then keep it to thy self, and walk like a Knave as thou can'st.

Sum. I tell thee, my Lord keeps no Knaves, Sirrah.

Har. Then thou servest him not, I believe. What Lord is thy Master?

Sum. My Lord of Rochester.

Har. In good time: and what wouldst thou have with my Lord Cobham?

Sum. I come by vertue of a Process, to cite him to appear before my Lord in the Court at Rochester.

Har. aside. Well, God grant me Patience, I could eat this Counger. My Lord is not at home, therefore it were good, Sumner, you carried your Process back.

Sum. Why, if he will not be spoken withal, then will I leave it here, and see that he take knowledge of it.

Har. Zounds, you Slave, do you set up your Bills here? go to, take it down again. Dost thou know what thou dost? Dost thou know on whom thou servest a Process?

Sum. Yes, marry do I, on Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham.

Har. I am glad thou knowest him yet: and Sirrah, dost not know that the Lord Cobham is a brave Lord, that keeps good Beef and Beer in his House, and every Day feeds a hundred poor People at's Gate, and keeps a hundred tall Fellows?

Sum. What's that to my Process?

Har. Marry this, Sir, is this Process Parchment?

Sum.

Sum. Yes marry is it.

Har. And this Seal Wax?

Sum. It is so.

Har. If this be Parchment, and this Wax, eat you this Parchment and this Wax, or I will make Parchment of your Skin, and beat your Brains into Wax. Sirrah, *Sumner*, dispatch, devour, Sirrah, devour.

Sum. I am my Lord of *Rocheſter's Sumner*, I came to do my Office, and thou ſhalt answer it.

Har. Sirrah, no railing; but betake your ſelf to your Teeth, thou ſhalt eat no worſe than thou bring'ſt with thee; thou bring'ſt it for my Lord, and wilt thou bring my Lord worſe than thou wilt eat thy ſelf?

Sum. Sir, I brought it not my Lord to eat.

Har. O do you Sir me now; all's one for that, I'll make you eat it for bringing it.

Sum. I cannot eat it.

Har. Can you not? 'sblood I'll beat you till you have a Stomach. [Beats him.]

Sum. O hold, hold, good Mr. Servingman, I will eat it.

Har. Be champing, be chawing, Sir, or I'll chaw you, you Rogue, the pureſt of the Honey.

Sum. Tough Wax is the pureſt Honey.

Har. O Lord, Sir, oh, oh.

Feed, feed, 'tis whoſome, Rogue, whoſome. Cannot you, like an honeſt *Sumner*, walk with the Devil your Brother, to fetch in your Bailiff's Rents; but you muſt come to a Nobleman's Houſe with Proceſs? If thy Seal was as broad as the Lead that covers *Rocheſter Church* thou ſhouldſt eat it.

Sum. O, I am almoſt choak'd, I am almoſt choak'd.

Har. Who's within there? will you ſhame my Lord, is there no Beer in the Houſe? Butler, I ſay.

Enter Butler.

But. Here, here.

Har. Give him Beer.

[He drinks.]

There: tough old Sheepskins, bare dry Meat.

Sum. O, Sir, let me go no further, I'll eat my Word.

Har. Yea marry, Sir, I mean you ſhall more than your
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own Word, for I'll make you eat all the Words in the Process. Why you Drab-monger, cannot the Secrets of all the Wenches in a Shire serve your turn, but you must come hither with a Citation with the Pox? I'll cite you.

A Cup of Sack for the *Sumner*.

But. Here, Sir, here.

Har. Here, Slave, I drink to thee.

Sum. I thank you, Sir.

Har. Now if thou find'st thy Stomach well, because thou shalt see my Lord keeps Meat in's House, if thou wilt go in thou shalt have a piece of Beef to thy Breakfast.

Sum. No; I am very well, good Master Servingman, I thank you, very well, Sir.

Har. I am glad on't, then be walking towards Rochester to keep your Stomach warm. And *Sumner*, If I do know you disturb a good Wench within this Diocese, if I do not make thee eat her Petticoat, if there were four Yards of *Kentish* Cloth in't, I am a Villain.

Sum. God be w'ye, Master Servingman. [Exit.]

Har. Farewel, *Sumner*.

Enter Constable.

Con. Save you, Master *Harpool*.

Har. Welcome, Constable, welcome, Constable; what News with thee?

Con. An't please you, Master *Harpool*, I am to make Hue and Cry for a Fellow with one Eye, that has robb'd two Clothiers, and am to crave your hindrance to search all suspected Places; and they say there was a Woman in the Company.

Har. Hast thou been at the Ale-house? hast thou sought there?

Con. I durst not search in my Lord *Cobham's* Liberty, except I had some of his Servants for my Warrant.

Har. An honest Constable, call forth him that keeps the Ale-house there.

Con. Ho, who's within there?

Ale-man. Who calls there? Oh, is't you, Mr. Constable, and Mr. *Harpool*? you're welcome with all my what Heart make you here so early this Morning?

Har.

Har. Sirrah, what Strangers do you lodge? there is a Robbery done this Morning, and we are to search for all suspected Persons.

Ale-man. Gods-bores, I am sorry for't. I'faith, Sir, I lodge no body, but a good honest Priest, call'd Sir *John* a *Wrotham*, and a handsom Woman that is his Neece, that he says he has some Suit in Law for, and as they go up an down to *London*, sometimes they lie at my Houle.

Har. What, is she here in thy Houle now?

Ale-man. She is, Sir: I promise you Sir, he is a quiet Man, and because he will not trouble too many Rooms, he makes the Woman lie every Night at his Beds Feet.

Har. Bring her forth, Constable, bring her forth, let's see her, let's see her.

Ale-man. *Dorothy* you must come down to Master Constable.

Doll. A-noon forsooth.

[*She enters.*]

Har. Welcome, sweet Lass, welcome.

Doll. I thank you, good Sir, and Master Constable also.

Har. A plump Girl by the Mafs, a plump Girl; ha,

Doll. ha. Wilt thou forsake the Priest, and go with me, *Doll*?

Con. Ah! well said, Master *Harpool* you are a merry old Man i'faith; you will never be old now by the Mack, a pretty Wench indeed.

Har. Ye old mad merry Constable, art thou advis'd of that? Ha, well said *Doll*, fill some Ale here.

Doll [*aside.*] Oh! if I wist this old Priest would not stick to me, by *Jove* I would ingle this old Serving-man.

Har. O you old mad Colt, i'faith I'll ferk you: fill all the Pots in the Houle there.

Con. Oh! well said Master *Harpool*, you are a Heart of Oak when all's done.

Har. Ha *Doll*, thou hast a sweet pair of Lips by the Mafs.

Doll. Truly you are a sweet old Man, as ever I saw; by my Troth, you have a Face able to make any Woman in Love with you.

Har. Fill, sweet *Doll*, I'll drink to thee.

Doll.

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Doll. I pledge you Sir, and thank you therefore, and I pray you let it come.

Har. [*Embracing her.*] *Doll*, canst thou love me? a mad merry Lass, would to God I had never seen thee.

Doll. I warrant you, you will not out of my Thoughts this Twelvemonth, truly you are as full of Favour, as any Man may be. Ah these sweet Gray Locks, by my Troth they are most lovely.

Con. Cuds bores, Master *Harpool*, I'll have one Buss too.

Har. No licking for you, Constable, hand off, hand off.

Con. Berlady I love Kissing as well as you.

Doll. Oh, you are an odd Boy, you have a wanton Eye of your own: ah you sweet sugar-lipt Wanton, you will win as many Womens Hearts as come in your Company.

Enter Priest.

Priest. *Doll*, come hither.

Har. *Priest*, she shall not.

Doll. I'll come anon, sweet Love.

Priest. Hand off, old Fornicator.

Har. Vicar, I'll sit here in spite of thee, is this stuff for a Priest to carry up and down with him?

Priest. Sirrah, dost thou not know that a good Fellow Parson may have a Chappel of Ease, where his Parish Church is far off?

Har. You Whorson ston'd Vicar.

Priest. You old Ruffian, you Lion of *Cosfol*.

Har. 'Zounds, Vicar, I'll geld you. [*Flies upon him.*]

Con. Keep the King's Peace.

Doll. Murder, murder, murder!

Ale-man. Hold, as you are Men, hold; for God's sake be quiet: put up your Weapons, you draw not in my House.

Har. You Whorson Bawdy Priest.

Priest. You old Mutton-monger.

Con. Hold, Sir *John*, hold.

Doll. I pray thee, sweet Heart, be quiet, I was but sitting to drink a Pot of Ale with him, even as kind a Man as ever I met with.

Har. Thou art a Thief, I warrant thee.

Priest.

Priest. Then I am but as thou hast been in thy Days; let's not be ashamed of our Trade, the King hath been a Thiet himself.

Doll. Come, be quiet, hast thou sped?

Priest. I have, Wench, here be Crowns i' faith.

Doll. Come, let's be all Friends then.

Con. Well said, Mistress *Dorothy*.

Har. Thou art the maddest Priest that ever I met with.

Priest. Give me thy Hand, thou art as good a Fellow: I am a Singer, a Drinker, a Bencher, a Wencher; I can say a Mass, and kiss a Lass: Faith I have a Parlonage, and because I would not be at too much Charges, this Wench serveth me for a Sexton.

Har. Well said, mad Priest, we'll in and be Friends.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sir Roger Aston, Master Bourn, Master Beverley, and William Murley the Brewer of Dunstable.

Ast. Now, master *Murley*, I am well assur'd You know our Errand, and do like the Cause, Being a Man affected as we are.

Mur. Marry God dild ye dainty my dear: No Master, good Sir *Roger Aston*, Master *Bourn*, and Master *Beverley*, Gentlemen and Justices of the Peace, no Master, I, but plain *William Murley* the Brewer of *Dunstable*, your honest Neighbour and your Friend, if ye be Men of my Profession.

Rev. Professed Friends to *Wickliff*; Foes to *Rome*.

Mur. Hold by me, Lad, lean upon that Staff, good Master *Beverly*, all of a House, say your Mind, say your Mind.

Ast. You know our Faction now is grown so great Throughout the Realm, that it begins to smook Into the Clergies Eyes, and the King's Ears: High time it is that we were drawn to head, Our General and Officers appointed. And Wars, ye wot, will ask great store of Coin, Able to strength our Action with your Purse, You are Elected for a Colonel Over a Regiment of fifteen Bands.

Mur.

Mur. Fue, paltry; paltry; in and out, to and fro, be it more or less upon Occasion; Lord have Mercy upon us, what a World is this! Sir Roger *Acton*, I am but a *Dunstable* Man, a plain Brewer, ye know: Will lusty Caveliering Captains (Gentlemen) come at my calling, go at my bidding? dainty my Dear, they'll do a Dog of Wax, a Horse of Cheese, a Prick and a Pudding; no, no, ye must appoint some Lord or Knight at least, to that Place.

Bour. Why, Master *Murley* you shall be a Knight: Were you not in Election to be Sheriff? Have ye not pass'd all Offices but that? Have ye not Wealth to make your Wife a Lady? I warrant you, my Lord, our General Bestows that Honour on you, at first sight.

Mur. Marry God dild ye dainty my Dear: But tell me, who shall be our General? Where's the Lord *Cobham*, Sir *John Oldcastle*, That noble Alms-giver, House-keeper, virtuous, Religious Gentleman? Come to me there, Boys, Come to me there.

Act. Why, who but he shall be our General?

Mur. And shall he Knight me, and make me Colonel?

Act. My Word for that, Sir *William Murley* Knight.

Mur. Fellow, Sir Roger *Acton* Knight, all Fellows I mean in Arms. How strong are we? how many Partners? Our Enemies beside the King are mighty, be it more or less upon Occasion, reckon our Force.

Act. There are of us, our Friends, and Followers, Three thousand and three hundred, at the least: Of Northern Lads four thousand, beside Horse From *Kent* there comes with Sir *John Oldcastle* Seven thousand; then from *London* issue out, Of Masters, Servants, Strangers, Prentices, Forty odd thousand into *Ficket Field*, Where we appoint our special Rendezvouz.

Mur. Fue, paltry, paltry, in and out, to and fro, Lord have Mercy upon us, what a World is this: Where's that *Ficket Field*, Sir Roger?

Act. Behind St. *Giles's* in the Field, near *Holbourn*.

Mur. Newgate, up Holbourn, St. Giles's in the Field, and to T burn, an old fay. For the Day, for the Day?

Act. On *Friday* next, the Fourteenth day of *January*.

Mur. Tilly vally, trust me never if I have any liking of that Day. Fue, paltry, paltry, *Friday*, quoth a, dismal day, *Childermas-day* this Year was *Friday*.

Bev. Nay Master *Murley*, if you observe such days, We make some question of your Constancy. All Days are alike to Men resolv'd in Right.

Mur. Say Amen, and say no more, but say and hold Master *Beverly*: *Friday* next, and *Ficket Field*, and *William Murley* and his merry Men shall be all one: I have half a score Jades that draw my Beer Cart, and every Jade shall bear a Knave, and every Knave shall wear a Jack, and every Jack shall have a Scull, and every Scull shall shew a Spear, and every Spear shall kill a Foe at *Ficket Field*, at *Ficket Field*: *John* and *Tom*, *Dick* and *Hodge*, *Ralph* and *Robin*, *William* and *George*, and all my Knaves shall fight like Men, at *Ficket Field*, on *Friday* next.

Bourn. What Sum of Mony mean you to disburse?

Mur. It may be modestly, decently, and soberly, and handsomely, I may bring five hundred Pound.

Act. Five hundred, Man? five thousand's not enough, A hundred thousand will not pay our Men Two Months together; either come prepar'd Like a brave Knight, and Martial Colonel, In glittering Gold, and gallant Furniture, Bringing in Coin, a Cart-load at least, And all your Followers mounted on good Horse, Or never come disgraceful to us all.

Bev. Perchance you may be chosen Treasurer, Ten thousand Pound's the least that you can bring.

Mur. Paltry, paltry, in and out, to and fro: upon occasion I have ten thousand Pound to spend, and ten too. And rather than the Bishop shall have his will of me for my Conscience, it shall all go. Flame and Flax, Flax and Flame. It was got with Water and Malt, and it shall fly with Fire and Gun-powder. Sir *Roger*, a Cart-load of Mony 'till the Axletree crack; my self and my Men in *Ficket Field* on *Friday* next; remember my Knighthood and my Place: there's my Hand, I'll be there.

[Exit.
Act.

Act. See what Ambition may perswade Men to,
In hope of Honour he will spend himself.

Bourn. I never thought a Brewer half so rich.

Bev. Was never Bankrupt Brewer yet but one,
With using too much Malt, too little Water.

Act. That's no fault in Brewers now-a-days:
Come, away about our Business. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter King, Duke of Suffolk, Master Butler, Oldcastle,
Kneeling to the King.

King. 'Tis not enough, Lord Cobham, to submit,
You must forsake your gross Opinion:
The Bishops find themselves much injured,
And though for some good Service you have done,
We for our part are pleas'd to pardon you,
Yet they will not so soon be satisfy'd.

Cob. My gracious-Lord, unto your Majesty,
Next unto my God, I owe my Life;
And what is mine, either by Nature's gift,
Or Fortune's bounty, all is at your Service.
But for Obedience to the Pope of Rome,
I owe him none; nor shall his shaveling Priests
That are in England, alter my belief.
If out of Holy Scripture they can prove
That I am in an Error, I will yield,
And gladly take Instruction at their Hands:
But otherwise, I do beseech your Grace,
My Conscience may not be incroach'd upon.

King. We would be loth to press our Subjects Bodies,
Much less their Souls, the dear redeemed part
Of him that is the Ruler of us all:
Yet let me counsel you, that might command;
Do not presume to tempt them with ill words,
Nor suffer any meetings to be had
Within your House, but to the uttermost
Disperse the Flocks of this new gathering Sect.

Cob. My Liege, If any Breath that dares come forth,
And say, my Life in any of these Points
Deserves th' attainder of ignoble Thoughts:
Here stand I, craving no remorse at all,
But even the utmost Rigour may be shown,

King. Let it suffice, we know your Loyalty,
What have you there?

Cob. A Deed of Clemency,
Your Highness Pardon for Lord *Powis* Life,
Which I did beg, and you, my noble Lord,
Of gracious Favour did vouchsafe to grant.

King. But yet it is not signed with our Hand.

Cob. Not yet, my Liege.

King. The Fact you say was done
Not of prepenſed Malice, but by Chance.

Cob. Upon mine Honour ſo, no otherwiſe. [*King writes:*

King. There is his Pardon, bid him make amends,
'And cleanſe his Soul to God for his Offence,
What we remit, is but the Body's Scourge.
How now, Lord Biſhop?

Enter Biſhop of Rocheſter.

Roch. Juſtice, dread Sovereign,
As thou art King, ſo grant I may have Juſtice.

King. What means this Exclamation? let us know.

Roch. Ah, my good Lord, the State's abus'd,
'And our Decrees moſt ſhamefully prophan'd.

King. How? Or by whom?

Roch. Even by this Heretick,
This Jew, this Traitor to your Majeſty.

Cob. Prelate, thou ly'eſt, even in thy greaſy Maw,
Or whoſoever twits me with the Name
Of either Traitor, or of Heretick.

King. Forbear, I ſay: And Biſhop, ſhew the Cauſe
From whence this late Abufe hath been deriv'd.

Roch. Thus, mighty King: by general Conſent
A Meſſenger was ſent to cite this Lord
To make Appearance in the Conſiſtory:
And coming to his Houſe, a Ruſſian Slave,
One of his daily Followers, met the Man,
Who knowing him to be a Parator
Aſſaults him firſt, and after in Contempt
Of us, and our Proceedings, makes him eat
The written Proceſs, Parchment, Seal and all:
Whereby this Matter neither was brought forth,
Nor we but ſcorn'd for our Authority.

King.

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King. When was this done?

Roch. At fix a Clock this Morning.

King. And when came you to Court?

Cob. Last Night, my Liege.

King. By this it seems he is not guilty of it,
And you have done him wrong t' accuse him so.

Roch. But it was done, my Lord, by his Appointment;
Or else his Man durst not have been so bold.

King. Or else you durst be bold to interrupt
And fill our Ears with frivolous Complaints.
Is this the Duty you do bear to us?
Was't not sufficient we did pass our Word
To send for him, but you misdoubting it,
Or which is worse, intending to forestal
Our Regal Power, must likewise summon him?
This favours of Ambition, not of Zeal,
And rather proves you malice his Estate,
Than any way that he offends the Law.
Go too, we like it not: and he your Officer
Had his Desert for being Insolent.

Enter Lord Huntington.

That was imploy'd so much amiss herein.
So *Cobham* when you please, you may depart.

Cob. I humbly bid farewell unto my Liege. [*Exit,*

King. Farewel; what's the News by *Huntington*?

Hun. Sir *Roger Aston*, and a Crew, my Lord,
Of bold seditious Rebels, are in Arms,
Intending Reformation of Religion.
And with their Army they intend to pitch
In *Ficket Field*, unless they be repuls'd.

King. So near our Presence? Dare they be so bold?
And will proud War and eager Thirst of Blood,
Whom we had thought to entertain far off,
Press forth upon us in our Native Bounds?
Must we be forced to hanel our sharp Blades
In *England* here, which we prepar'd for *France*?
Well, a God's Name be it. What's their Number, say,
Or who's the chief Commander of this Row?

Hun. Their Number is not known as yet, my Lord,
But 'tis reported, Sir *John Oldcastle*

Is the chief Man, on whom they do depend.

King. How? the Lord Cobham?

Hun. Yes, my gracious Lord.

Roch. I could have told your Majesty as much
Before he went, but that I saw your Grace
Was too much blinded by his Flattery.

Suff. Send Post, my Lord, to fetch him back again.

But. Traitor unto his Country, how he smooth'd
And seem'd as Innocent as Truth it self?

King. I cannot think it yet he would be false:
But if he be, no matter, let him go,
We'll meet both him and them unto their woe.

Roch. This falls out well, and at the last I hope
To see this Heretick die in a Rope. [Exeunt.]

Enter Earl of Cambridge, Lord Scroop, Gray, and Chartres
the French Factor.

Scroop. Once more, my Lord of Cambridge, make Rehearsal
How you do stand intituled to the Crown,
The deeper shall we print it in our Minds,
And every Man the better be resolv'd,
When he perceives his Quarrel to be just.

Cam. Then thus, Lord Scroop, Sir Thomas Gray,
And you, Monsieur de Chartres, Agent for the French,
This Lionel, Duke of Clarence, (as I said)
Third Son of Edward (England's King) the Third,
Had Issue, Philip his sole Daughter and Heir;
Which Philip afterward was given in Marriage
To Edmund Mortimer the Earl of March,
And by him had a Son call'd Roger Mortimer;
Which Roger likewise had of his Descent,
Edmund, Roger, Ann and Elianor,
Two Daughters, and two Sons, but of those, three
Dy'd without Issue: Ann, that did survive,
And now was left her Father's only Heir,
My fortune was to marry, being too
By my Grandfather of King Edward's Line:
So of his Sir-name, I am call'd you know,
Richard Plantagenet, my Father was,
Edward the Duke of York, and Son and Heir,
To Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's first Son.

Scroop.

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Scroop. So that it seems your Claim comes by your Wife,
As lawful Heir to *Roger Mortimer*,
The Son of *Edmund*, which did marry *Philip*
Daughter and Heir to *Lionel Duke of Clarence*.

Clan. True, for this *Harry*, and his Father both,
Harry the first, as plainly doth appear,
Are false Intruders, and Usurp the Crown.
For when Young *Richard* was at *Pomfret* slain,
In him the Title of Prince *Edward* dy'd,
That was the Eldest of King *Edward's* Sons:
William of *Hatfield*, and their second Brother,
Death in his Nonage had before bereft:
So that my Wife deriv'd from *Lionel*,
Third Son unto King *Edward*, ought proceed
And take Possession of the Diadem
Before this *Harry*, or his Father King,
Who fetch'd their Title but from *Lancaster*,
Fourth of that Royal Line. And being thus
What Reason is't, but she should have her Right?

Scroop. I am resolv'd, our Enterprize is just.

Gray. *Harry* shall die, or else resign his Crown.

Char. Perform but that, and *Charles* the King of *France*
Shall aid you Lords, not only with his Men,
But send you Mony to maintain your Wars:
Five hundred thousand Crowns he bad me proffer,
If you can stop but *Harry's* Voyage for *France*.

Scroop. We never had a fitter time than now,
The Realm in such division as it is.

Cath. Besides you must perswade you, there is due
Vengeance for *Richard's* Murther, which although
It be deferr'd, yet will it fall at last,
And now as likely as another time.
Sin hath had many Years to ripen in,
And now the Harvest cannot be far off.
Wherein the Weeds of Usurpation
Are to be crop'd, and cast into the Fire.

Scroop. No more, Earl *Cambridge*, here I plight my Faith,
To set up thee and thy renowned Wife.

Gray. *Gray* will perform the same, as he is Knight.

Char. And to assist ye, as I said before,
Chartres doth 'gage the Honour of his King.

Scroop. We lack but now Lord *Cobham's* Fellowship,
 And then our Plot were absolute indeed.

Cam. Doubt not of him, my Lord; his Life's pursu'd
 By the incensed Clergy, and of late
 Brought in Displeasure with the King, assures
 He may be quickly won unto our Faction.
 Who hath the Articles were drawn at large
 Of our whole Purpose?

Gray. That have I, my Lord.

Cam. We should not now be far off from his House,
 Our serious Conference hath beguil'd the way:
 See where his Castle stands, give me the Writing.
 When we are come unto the Speech of him,
 Because we will not stand to make recount
 Of that which hath been said, here he shall read
 Our Minds at large, and what we crave of him.

Enter Lord Cobham.

Scroop. A ready way; here comes the Man himself
 Booted and spur'd, it seems he hath been riding.

Cam. Well met, Lord *Cobham*.

Cob. My Lord of *Cambridge*?

Your Honour is most welcome into *Kent*,
 And all the rest of this fair Company.
 I am new come from *London*, gentle Lords:
 But will ye not take *Cowling* for your Host,
 And see what Entertainment it affords?

Cam. We were intended to have been your Guests:
 But now this lucky Meeting shall suffice
 To end our Business, and defer that Kindness.

Cob. Business, my Lord? what Business should
 Let you to be merry? we have no Delicates;
 Yet this I'll promise you, a Piece of Venison,
 A Cup of Wine, and so forth, Hunters fare:
 And if you please, we'll strike the Stag, our selves
 Shall fill our Dishes with his well-fed Flesh.

Scroop. That is indeed the thing we all desire.

Cob. My Lords, and you shall have your Choice with me.

Cam. Nay, but the Stag which we desire to strike,
Lives not in *Cowling*: If you will consent,
And go with us, we'll bring you to a Forest,
Where runs a lusty Herd; among the which
There is a Stag superior to the rest;
A stately Beast, that when his Fellows run
He leads the Race, and beats the sullen Earth,
As though he scorn'd it with his trampling Hoofs:
Aloft he bears his Head, and with his Breast
Like a huge Bulwark counter-checks the Wind:
And when he standeth still, he stretcheth forth
His proud ambitious Neck, as if he meant
To wound the Firmament with forked Horns.

Cob. 'Tis pity such a goodly Beast should die.

Cam. Not so, Sir *John*, for he is Tyrannous,
And gores the other Deer, and will not keep
Within the Limits are appointed him.
Of late he's broke into a Several,
Which doth belong to me, and there he spoils
Both Corn and Pasture, two of his wild Race
Alike for stealth, and covetous incroaching,
Already are remov'd; if he were dead,
I should not only be secure from hurt,
But with his Body make a Royal Feast.

Scroop. How say you then, will you first hunt with us?

Cob. Faith, Lords, I like the Pastime, where's the place?

Cam. Peruse this Writing, it will shew you all,
And what occasion we have for the sport. [*He reads.*]

Cob. Call ye this Hunting, my Lords? Is this the Stag
You fain wou'd chase, *Harry* our dread King?
So we may make a Banquet for the Devil;
And in the stead of wholesome Meat, prepare
A Dish of Poison to confound our selves.

Cam. Why so, Lord *Cobham*? See you not our claim?
And how imperiously he holds the Crown?

Scroop. Besides, you know your self is in Disgrace;
Held as a Recreant, and pursu'd to Death.
'This will defend you from your Enemies,
And stablish your Religion through the Land.

Cob. Notorious Treason! yet I will conceal [Aside.
 My secret Thoughts to sound the Depth of it.
 My Lord of *Cambridge*, I do see your Claim,
 And what good may redound unto the Land,
 By prosecuting of this enterprize.
 But where are Men? where's Pow'r and Furniture
 To order such an Action? we are weak,
Harry, you know's a mighty Potentate.

Cam. Tut, we are strong enough; you are belov'd,
 And many will be glad to follow you;
 We are the like, and some will follow us:
 Nay, there is hope from *France*: Here's an Ambassador
 That promiseth both Men and Mony too.
 The Commons likewise, as we hear, pretend
 A sudden Tumult, we will join with them.

Cob. Some likelihood, I must confess, to speed:
 But how shall I believe this in plain truth?
 You are, my Lords, such Men as live in Court,
 And have been highly favour'd of the King,
 Especially Lord *Scroop*, whom oftentimes
 He maketh choice of for his Bedfellow.
 And you, Lord *Gray*, are of his Privy-Council:
 Is not this train laid to intrap my Life?

Cam. Then perish may my Soul; what, think you so?

Scroop. We'll swear to you.

Gray. Or take the Sacrament.

Cob. Nay you are Noblemen, and I imagine,
 As you are honourable by Birth, and Blood,
 So you will be in Heart, in Thought, in Word.
 I crave no other Testimony but this:
 That you would all subscribe, and set your Hands
 Unto this Writing which you gave to me.

Cam. With all our Hearts: Who hath any Pen and Ink?

Scroop. My Pocket should have one; O, here it is.

Cam. Give it me, Lord *Scroop*. There is my Name.

Scroop. And there is my Name.

Gray. And mine.

Cob. Sir, let me crave that you would likewise write
 your Name with theirs, for Confirmation of your Master's
 words, the King of *France*.

Char.

Char. That will I, noble Lord.

Cob. So, now this Action is well knit together,
And I am for you; where's our Meeting, Lords?

Cam. Here, if you please, the tenth of *July* next.

Cob. In *Kent*? agreed. Now let us in to Supper.
I hope your Honours will not away to Night.

Cam. Yes presently, for I have far to ride,
About soliciting of other Friends.

Scroop. And we would not be absent from the Court,
Lest thereby grow suspicion in the King.

Cob. Yet taste a Cup of Wine before ye go.

Cam. Not now, my Lord, we thank you: so farewel.
[*Exeunt all but Cobham.*]

Cob. Farewel, my noble Lords. My noble Lords?
My noble Villains, base Conspirators,
How can they look his Highness in the Face,
Whom they so closely study to betray?
But I'll not sleep until I make it known,
This Head shall not be burthen'd with such Thoughts,
Nor in this Heart will I conceal a Deed
Of such Impiety against my King.
Madam, how now?

Enter Lady Cobham, Lord Powis, Lady Powis, and Harpool.

L. Cob. You're welcome home, my Lord:
Why seem you so unquiet in your Looks?
What hath befall'n you that disturbs your Mind?

L. Pow. Bad News I am afraid touching my Husband.

Cob. Madam, not so; there is your Husband's Pardon;
Long may ye live, each joy unto the other.

L. Pow. So great a Kindness, as I know not how to re-
ply, my Sense is quite confounded.

Cob. Let that alone; and, Madam, stay me not,
For I must back unto the Court again,
With all the speed I can: *Harpool*, my Horse.

L. Cob. So soon, my Lord? what will you ride all Night?

Cob. All Night or Day, it must be so, sweet Wife;
Urge me not why, or what my Business is,
But get you in: *Lord Powis* bear with me.
And, Madam, think your welcome ne'er the worse,
My House is at your Use. *Harpool*, away.

Har. Shall I attend your Lordship to the Court?

Cob. Yea Sir, your Gelding, mount you presently. [*Exit.*]

L. Cob. I prithee *Harpool* look unto thy Lord,
I do not like this sudden posting back.

Pow. Some earnest Business is a-foot belike,
Whate'er it be, pray God be his good Guide.

L. Pow. Amen, that hath so highly us bested.

L. Cob. Come, Madam and my Lord, we'll hope the best,
You shall not into *Wales* 'till he return.

Pow. Though great Occasion be we should depart,
Yet, Madam, will we stay to be resolved
Of this unlook'd for doubtful Accident. [*Exeunt.*]
*Enter Murley and his Men prepared in some filthy Order
for War.*

Mur. Come, my Hearts of Flint, modestly, decently,
soberly and handsomly; no Man afore his Leader: Follow your Master, your Captain, your Knight, that shall be for the Honour of Meal-men, Millers, and Malt-men, Dun is the Mousse: *Dick* and *Tom* for the Credit of *Dunstable*, ding down the Enemy to-morrow. Ye shall not come into the Field like Beggars. Where be *Leonard* and *Lawrence*, my two Loaders? Lord have mercy upon us, what a World is this? I would give a Couple of Shillings for a Dozen of good Feathers for ye, and forty Pence for as many Scarfs to set you out withal. Frost and Snow, a Man has no Heart to fight 'till he be brave.

Dick. Master, we are no Babes, our Town Foot-Balls can bear witness; this little 'parrel we have shall off, and we'll fight naked before we run away.

Tom. Nay, I'm of *Lawrence* mind for that, for he means to leave his Life behind him, he and *Leonard*, your two Loaders, are making their Wills because they have Wives, now we Batchelors bid our Friends scramble for our Goods if we die: But Master, pray let me ride upon *Cut.*

Mur. Meal and Salt, Wheat and Malt, Fire and Tow, Frost and Snow, why *Tom* thou shalt. Let me see, here are you, *William* and *George* are with my Cart, and *Robin* and *Hodge* holding my own two Horses; proper Men, handsome Men, tall Men, true Men.

Dick.

Dick. But Master, Master, methinks you are mad to hazard your own Person, and a Card-Load of Mony too.

Tom. Yea, and Master, there's a worse matter in't; if it be as I heard say, we go fight against all the learned Bishops, that should give us their Blessing, and if they curse us, we shall speed ne'er the better.

Dick. Nay Birlady, some say the King takes their part, and Master dare you fight against the King?

Mur. Fie paltry, paltry, in and out, to and fro upon occasion, if the King be so unwise to come there, we'll fight with him too.

Tom. What if ye should kill the King?

Mur. Then we'll make another.

Dick. Is that all? do ye not speak Treason?

Mur. If we do, who dare trip us? We come to fight for our Conscience, and for Honour; little know you what is in my Bosom, look here mad Knaves, a pair of gilt Spurs.

Tom. A pair of Golden Spurs? Why do you not put them on your Heels? Your Bosom's no place for Spurs.

Mur. Be't more or less upon Occasion, Lord have Mercy upon us, *Tom.* thou'r't a Fool, and thou speakest Treason to Knight-hood: Dare any wear Gold or Silver Spurs, 'till he be a Knight? No, I shall be Knighted to morrow, and then they shall on: Sirs, was it ever read in the Church-book of *Dunstable*, that ever Malt-man was made Knight?

Tom. No, but you are more: You are Meal-man, Malt-man, Miller, Corn-master, and all

Dick. Yea, and half a Brewer too, and the Devil and all for Wealth: You bring more Mony with you than all the rest.

Mur. The more's my Honour, I shall be a Knight to morrow. Let me 'spose my Men, *Tom* upon *Cut*, *Dick* upon *Hob*, *Hodge* upon *Ball*, *Ralph* upon *Sorrel*, and *Robin* upon the Fore-horse.

Enter Acton, Bourn, and Beverley.

Tom. Stand, who comes there?

Act. All Friends. good Fellow.

Mur. Friends and Fellows indeed, Sir *Roger*.

Act.

Act. Why, thus you shew your self a Gentleman,
To keep your Day, and come so well prepared.
Your Cart stands yonder guarded by your Men,
Who tell me it is loaden well with Coin.
What Sum is there?

Mur. Ten thousand Pound, Sir *Roger*, and modestly,
decently, soberly, and handsomely, see what I have here
against I be Knighted.

Act. Guilt Spurs? 'Tis well.

Mur. Where's our Army, Sir?

Act. Disperst in sundry Villages about;
Some here with us in *High-gate*, some at *Finchley*,
Totnam, *Enfield*, *Edmonton*, *Newington*,
Islington, *Hogsdone*, *Pancridge*, *Kensington*.
Some nearer *Thames*, *Ratcliff*, *Blackwall* and *Bow*:
But our chief Strength must be the *Londoners*.
Which, ere the Sun to morrow shine,
Will be near fifty thousand in the Field.

Mur. Marry, God dild ye, dainty my Dear, but upon
occasion, Sir *Roger Acton*, doth not the King know of it,
and gather his Power against us?

Act. No, he's secure at *Elsham*.

Mur. What do the Clergy?

Act. Fear extreemly, yet prepare no Force.

Mur. In and out, to and fro, bully my boykin, we shall
carry the World afore us, I vow, by my Worship, when
I am Knighted, we'll take the King napping, if he stand
on their part.

Act. This Night we few in *High-gate* will repose,
With the first Cock we'll rise and arm our selves,
To be in *Ficket-Field* by break of Day,
And there expect our General.

Mur. Sir *John Oldcastle*, what if he comes not?

Bourn. Yet our Action stands.

Sir *Roger Acton* may supply his Place.

Mur. True, Mr. *Bourn*, but who shall make me Knight?

Bev. He that hath pow'r to be our General.

Act. Talk not of Trifles, come let us away,
Our Friends of *London* long 'till it be Day. [Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Priest and Doll.

Doll. By my troth, thou art as jealous a Man as lives.

Priest. Can'st thou blame me, *Doll*, thou art my Lands, my Goods, my Jewels, my Wealth, my Purse, none walks within forty Miles of *London*, but a plies thee as truly, as the Parish does the poor Man's Box.

Doll. I am as true to thee, as the Stone is in the Wall, and thou know'st well enough, I was in as good doing, when I came to thee, as any Wench need to be; and therefore thou hast tryed me, that thou hast; and I will not be kept as I ha bin, that I will not.

Priest. *Doll*, if this Blade hold, there's not a Pedlar walks with a Pack, but thou shalt as boldly chuse of his Wares, as with thy ready Mony in a Merchant's Shop, we'll have as good Silver as the King Coins any.

Doll. What, is all the Gold spent you took the last Day from the Courtier?

Priest. 'Tis gone, *Doll*, 'tis flown; merrily come, merrily gone; he comes a Horse-back that must pay for all; we'll have as good Meat as Mony can get, and as good Gowns as can be bought for Gold; be merry Wench, the Maltman comes on *Monday*.

Doll. You might have left me at *Cobham*, until you had been better provided for.

Priest. No, sweet *Doll*, no, I like not that, yon old Russian is not for the Priest, I do not like a new Clerk should come in the old Belfrey.

Doll. Thou art a mad Priest i'faith.

Priest. Come *Doll*, I'll see thee safe at some Ale-house here at *Gray*, and the next Sheep that comes shall leave behind his Fleece.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter the King, Suffolk and Butler.

King. in great haste. My Lord of *Suffolk* post away for life, And let our Forces of such Horse and Foot, As can be gathered up by any means, Make speedy Rendezvous in *Tuttle-fields*. It must be done this Evening, my Lord, This Night the Rebels mean to draw to Head Near *Islington*, which if your speed prevent not,] If once they should unite their several Forces, Their Power is almost thought invincible.

Away,

Away, my Lord, I will be with you soon.

Suf. I go, my Sovereign, with all happy speed. [*Exit.*

King. Make haste my Lord of *Suffolk*, as you love us.
Butler, post you to *London* with all speed:

Command the Mayor and Sheriffs on their Allegiance,
The City Gates be presently shut up,
And guarded with a strong sufficient Watch,
And not a Man be suffered to pass,
Without a special Warrant from our self.

Command the Postern by the Tower be kept,
And Proclamation on the Pain of Death,
That not a Citizen stir from his Doors,
Except such as the Mayor and Sheriffs shall chuse
For their own Guard, and Safety of their Persons:
Butler away, have care unto my Charge.

But. I go, my Sovereign.

King. *Butler.*

But. My Lord.

King. Go down by *Greenwich*, and command a Boat,
At the *Fryars-Bridge* attend my coming down.

But. I will, my Lord.

[*Exit.*

King. It's time I think to look unto Rebellion,
When *Acton* doth expect unto his aid,
No less than fifty thousand *Londoners*.
Well, I'll to *Westminster* in this Disguise,
To hear what News is stirring in these Brawls.

Enter Priest.

Priest. Stand true Man, says a Thief.

King. Stand Thief, says a true Man: how if a Thief?

Priest. Stand Thief too.

King. Then Thief or true Man, I must stand I see,
howsoever the World wags, the Trade of Thieving yet
will never down. What art thou?

Priest. A good Fellow.

King. So am I too, I see thou dost know me.

Priest. If thou be a good Fellow, play the good Fellow's
part, deliver thy Purse without more ado.

King. I have no Mony.

Priest. I must make you find some before we part, if
you have no Mony, you shall have Ware, as many sound
Blows as your Skin can carry.

King.

King. Is that the plain Truth?

Priest. Sirrah, no more ado; come come, give me the Mony you have. Dispatch, I cannot stand all Day.

King. Well if thou wilt needs have it, there it is; just the Proverb one Thief robs another. Where the Devil are all my old Thieves? *Falstaffe* that Villain is so fat, he cannot get on's Horse, but methinks *Poins* and *Peto* should be stirring hereabouts.

Priest. How much is there on't of thy Word?

King. A hundred Pound in Angels, on my Word. The time has been I would have done as much For thee, if thou hadst past this way, as I have now.

Priest. Sirrah, what art thou? thou seem'st a Gentleman?

King. I am no less; yet a poor one now, for thou hast all my Mony.

Priest. From whence cam'st thou?

King. From the Court at *Eltham*.

Priest. Art thou one of the King's Servants?

King. Yes, that I am, and one of his Chamber.

Priest. I am glad thou'rt no worse; thou may'st the better spare thy Mony, and think thou mightst get a poor Thief his Pardon if he should have need?

King. Yes that I can.

Priest. Wilt thou do so much for me, when I shall have occasion?

King. Yes faith will I, so it be for no Murther.

Priest. Nay, I am a pitiful Thief, all the hurt I do a Man, I take but his Purse, I'll kill no Man,

King. Then of my Word I'll do't.

Priest. Give me thy Hand of the same.

King. There 'tis.

Priest. Methinks the King should be good to Thieves, because he has been a Thief himself, although I think now he be turn'd a true Man.

King. Faith I have heard indeed h'as had an ill Name that Way in's Youth; but how can'st thou tell that he has been a Thief?

Priest. How? because he once robb'd me before I fell to the Trade my self, when that foul Villainous Guts, that led

led him to all that Roguery, was in's Company there, that *Falstaff*.

King. Well, if he did rob thee then, thou art but even with him now, I'll be sworn [*Aside*]: Thou knowest not the King now I think, if thou sawest him?

Priest. Not I, i'faith.

King. So it should seem. [*Aside*.

Priest. Well, if old King *Harry* had liv'd, this King that is now, had made Thieving the best Trade in *England*.

King. Why so?

Priest. Because he was the chief Warden of our Company, it's pity that e'er he should have been a King, he was so brave a Thief. But Sirrah, wilt remember my Pardon if need be?

King. Yes Faith will I.

Priest. Wilt thou? well then, because thou shalt go safe, for thou may'st hap (being so early) be met with again, before thou come to *Southwark*, if any Man when he should bid thee good morrow, bid thee stand, say thou but Sir *John*, and they will let thee pass.

King. Is that the word? then let me alone.

Priest. Nay, Sirrah, because I think indeed I shall have some occasion to use thee, and as thou com'st oft this way, I may light on thee another time not knowing thee, here I'll break this Angel, take thou half of it, this is a Token betwixt thee and me.

King. God a mercy; farewell.

[*Exit*.

Priest. O my fine golden slaves, here's for thee, Wench, i'faith. Now, *Doll*, we will revel in our Bever, this is a Tythe Pig of my Vicarage. God a mercy Neighbour *Shooters-Hill*, you ha paid your Tythe honestly. Well, I hear there is a Company of Rebels up against the King, got together in *Ficket field* near *Holborn*, and as it is thought here in *Kent*, the King will be there to Night in's own Person: Well, I'll to the King's Camp, and it shall go hard, if there be any doings, but I'll make some good Boot among them.

[*Exit*.

Enter King, *Suffolk*, *Huntington*, and two with *Lights*.

King. My Lords of *Suffolk* and of *Huntington*, Who scouts it now? or who stand Sentinels?

What

What Men of Worth? what Lords do walk the round?

Suf. May't please your Highness.

King. Peace, no more of that,

The King's asleep, wake not his Majesty
With Terms nor Titles, he's at rest in Bed.

Kings do not use to watch themselves, they sleep,
And let Rebellion and Conspiracy
Revel and havock in the Commonwealth.

Is *London* look'd unto?

Hunt. It is my Lord,

Your noble Uncle *Exeter* is there,
Your Brother *Gloucester*, and my Lord of *Warwick*,
Who with the Mayor and the Aldermen
Do guard the Gates, and keep good Rule within.
The Earl of *Cambridge*, and Sir *Thomas Gray*
Do walk the Round, Lord *Scroop* and *Burter* scout:
So though it please your Majesty to jest,
Were you in Bed, well might you take your Rest.

King. I thank ye, Lords; but you do know of old,
That I have been a perfect Night-walker:

London, you say, is safely lookt unto,
Alas, poor Rebels, there your Aid must fall,
And the Lord *Cobham* Sir *John Oldcastle*,
Quiet in *Kent*; *Acton*, you are deceiv'd:
Reckon again, you count without your Host.
To morrow you shall give account to us.

'Till when, my Friends, this long cold Winter's Night
How can we spend? King *Harry* is asleep,
And all his Lords, these Garments tell us so:
All Friends at Foot-Ball, Fellows all in Field,
Harry and *Dick*, and *George*, bring us a Drum,
Give us square Dice, we'll keep this Court of Guard,
For all good Fellows Companies that come.
Where's that mad Priest ye told me was in Arms
To Fight, as well as Pray, if need requir'd.

Suf. He's in the Camp, and if he knew of this,
I undertake he would not be long hence.

King. Trip *Dick*, trip *George*.

Hunt. I must have the Dice; what do we play at?

Suf. Passage, if ye please.

Hunt.

Hunt. Set round them; so at all.

King. George, you are out.

Give me the Dice, I pass for twenty Pound,
Here's to our lucky Passage in *France*.

Hunt. Harry, you pass indeed, for you sweep all.

Suf. A Sign King Harry shall sweep all in *France*.

Enter Priest.

Priest. Edge ye good Fellows, take a fresh Gamester in.

King. Master Parson, we play nothing but Gold.

Priest. And, Fellow, I tell thee that the Priest hath
Gold, Gold; what? ye are but beggarly Soldiers to me,
I think I have more Gold than all you three.

Hunt. It may be so, but we believe it not.

King. Set, Priest, set, I pass for all that Gold.

Priest. Ye pass indeed.

King. Priest, hast any more?

Priest. More? what a Question's that?

I tell thee I have more than all you three.

At these ten Angels.

King. I wonder how thou com'st by all this Gold.
How many Benefices hast thou, Priest?

Priest. Faith, but one; dost wonder how I come by
Gold? I wonder rather how poor Soldiers should have
Gold; for I'll tell thee, good Fellow, we have every Day
Tythes, Off'rings, Christnings, Weddings, Burials; and
you poor Snakes come seldom to a Booty. I'll speak a
proud word, I have but one Parsonage *Wrotham*, 'tis bet-
ter than the Bishoprick of *Rocheſter*: there's ne'er a Hill,
Heath, nor Down in all *Kent*, but 'tis in my Parish,
Barrham-down, *Cobham-down*, *Gads-hill*, *Wrotham-hill*, *Black-*
heath, *Coxs-heath*, *Birchen Wood*, all pay me tythe. Gold
quothe a? ye pass not for that.

Suf. Harry, ye are out; now, Parson, shake the Dice.

Priest. Set, set, I'll cover ye, at all: A plague on't I
am out; the Devil, and Dice, and a Wench, who will
trust them?

Suf. Say'st thou so, Priest? set fair, at all for once.

King. Out, Sir, pay all.

Priest. Sir, pay me Angel Gold.

I'll none of your crack'd *French* Crowns nor Pistolets,

Pay

Pay me fair Angel Gold, as I pay you.

King. No crack'd French Crowns? I hope to see more crack'd French Crowns ere long.

Priest. Thou mean'st of French Mens Crowns, when the King's in France.

Hun. Set round, at all.

Priest. Pay all: this is some luck.

King. Give me the Dice, 'tis I must shred the Priest: At all, Sir John.

Priest. The Devil and all is yours: at that. 'Sdeath, what Casting's this?

Stuff. Well thrown, Harry, I'faith.

King. I'll cast better yet.

Priest. Then I'll be hang'd. Sirrah, hast thou not giv'n thy Soul to the Devil for casting?

King. I pass for all.

Priest. Thou passest all that e'er I plaid withal: Sirrah, dost thou not cog, nor foist, nor slur?

King. Set, Parson, set, the Dice die in my Hand. When, Parson, when? what, can ye find no more? Already dry? was't you bragg'd of your Store?

Priest. All's gone but that.

Hun. What? half a broken Angel.

Priest. Why, Sir? 'tis Gold.

King. Yea, and I'll cover it.

Priest. The Devil give you good on't, I am blind; you have blown me up.

King. Nay, tarry, Priest, you shall not leave us yet, Do not these pieces fit each other well?

Priest. What if they do?

King. Thereby begins a Tale:

There was a Thief, in Face, much like Sir John,
But 'twas not he. That Thief was all in green,
Met me last Day, on Black-beath, near the Park,
With him a Woman. I was all alone
And Weaponless, my Boy had all my Tools,
And was before providing me a Boat.
Short Tale to make, Sir John, the Thief I mean,
Took a just hundred Pound in Gold from me.
I storm'd at it, and swore to be reveng'd

If e'er we met: he like a lusty Thief,
 Brake with his Teeth this Angel just in two,
 To be a Token at our meeting next;
 Provided I should charge no Officer
 To apprehend him, but at Weapons Point
 Recover that, and what he had beside.
 Well met, Sir *John*, betake ye to your Tools
 By Torch-light, for Master Parson, you are he
 That had my Gold.

Priest. Zounds I won't in play, in fair square Play, of the
 Keeper of *Eltham-Park*, and that I will maintain with this
 poor Whyniard; be you two honest Men to stand and look
 upon's, and let's alone, and neither part.

King. Agreed, I charge ye do not budge a Foot.
Sir John, have at ye.

Priest. Soldier, ware your Sconce.

*As they proffer, Enter Butler, and draws his Sword to
 part them.*

But. Hold, Villain, hold; my Lords, what d'ye mean,
 To see a Traitor draw against the King.

Priest. The King? God's will, I am in a proper pickle.

King. *Butler*, what News? why dost thou trouble us?

But. Please your Majesty, it's break of Day,
 And as I scouted near to *Islington*,
 The Gray ey'd Morning gave me glimmering
 Of armed Men coming down *Highgate Hill*,
 Who by their Course are coasting hitherward.

King. Let us withdraw, my Lords, prepare our Troops;
 To charge the Rebels if there be such Cause:
 For this lewd Priest, this devilish Hypocrite,
 That is a Thief, a Gamester, and what not,
 Let him be hang'd up for Example sake.

Priest. Not so, my gracious Sovereign, I confess I am
 a frail Man, Flesh and Blood as others are: but set my Im-
 perfections aside, ye have not a taller Man, nor a truer
 Subject to the Crown and State, than Sir *John* of *Wro-*
tham is.

King. Will a true Subject rob his King?

Priest. Alas! 'twas ignorance and want, my gracious
 Liege.

King.

King. 'Twas want of Grace. Why, you should be as Salt
To season others with good Document,
Your Lives as Lamps to give the People Light,
As Shepherds, not as Wolves to spoil the Flock;
Go hang him, *Butler*.

But. Didst thou not rob me?

Priest. I must confess I saw some of your Gold, but, my
dread Lord, I am in no humour for Death; God will
that Sinners live, do not you cause me to die. Once in
their Lives the best may go astray, and if the World say
true, your self, my Liege, have been a Thief.

King. I confess I have,
But I repent and have reclaim'd my self.

Priest. So will I do if you will give me time.

King. Wilt thou? my Lords, will you be his Sureties?

Hunt. That when he robs again he shall be hang'd.

Priest. I ask no more.

King. And we will grant thee that,
Live and repent, and prove an honest Man,
Which when I hear, and safe return from *France*,
I'll give thee living. 'Till when, take thy Gold,
But spend it better than in Cards or Wine.
For better Virtues fit that Coat of thine.

Priest. *Vivat Rex, & currat Lex*, My Liege, if ye have
cause of Battel, ye shall see Sir *John* bestir himself in your
Quarrel. [Exeunt.

An Alarum. Enter *King*, *Suffolk*, *Huntington*, *Sir John*
bringing forth *Aston*, *Beverly*, and *Murly*, Prisoners.

King. Bring in those Traitors, whose aspiring Minds
Thought to have triumph'd in our Overthrow:
But now ye see, base Villains, what Success
Attends ill Actions wrongfully attempted.
Sir Roger Aston, thou retain'st the Name
Of Knight, and shouldst be more discreetly temper'd
Than join with Peasants, Gentry is divine,
But thou hast made it more than popular.

Ast. Pardon, my Lord, my Conscience urg'd me to it.

King. Thy Conscience! then Conscience is corrupt,
For in thy Conscience thou art bound to us,
And in thy Conscience thou shouldst love thy Country.
Else

Else what's the Difference 'twixt a Christian,
And the uncivil Manners of the *Turk*?

Bev. We meant no hurt unto your Majesty,
But Reformation of Religion.

King. Reform Religion? was it that you fought?
I pray who gave you that Authority?
Belike then we do hold the Scepter up,
And sit within the Throne but for a Cipher.
Time was, good Subjects would make known their Grief,
And pray Amendment, not inforce the same,
Unless their King were Tyrant, which I hope
You cannot justly say that *Harry* is.
What is that other?

Saf. A Malt-Man, my Lord,
And dwelling in *Dunstable*, as he says.

King. Sirrah, what made you leave your Barley-broth,
To come in Armour thus against your King?

Mur. Fie, paltry, paltry, to and fro, in and out upon
occasion, what a World is this? Knighthood, my Liege,
'twas Knighthood brought me hither, they told me I had
Wealth enough to make my Wife a Lady.

King. And so you brought these Horses which we saw
Trapt all in costly Furniture, and meant
To wear these Spurs when you were Knighted once.

Mur. In and out upon Occasion I did.

King. In and out upon Occasion, therefore you shall be
hang'd, and in the stead of wearing those Spurs upon
your Heels, about your Neck they shall bewray your folly
to the World.

Priest. In and out upon Occasion, that goes hard.

Mur. Fie, paltry, paltry, to and fro; good my Liege,
a Pardon, I am sorry for my Fault.

King. That comes too late; but tell me, went there
none beside Sir Roger *Ashton*, upon whom
You did depend to be your Governor?

Mur. None, my Lord, but Sir *John Oldcastle*.

Enter Bishop of Rochester.

King. Bears he a part in this Conspiracy?

As. We look'd, my Lord, that he would meet us here.

King. But did he promise you that he would come?

As.

Al. Such Letter we received forth of *Kent*.

Roch. Where is my Lord the King? Health to your
Examining, my Lord, some of the Rebels, [Grace.
It is a general Voice among them all.

That they had never come into this Place,
But to have met their valiant General,
'The good Lord *Cobham*, as they title him :
Whereby, my Lord, your Grace may now perceive,
His Treason is apparent, which before
He sought to colour by his Flattery.

King. Now by my Royalty I would have sworn,
But for his Conscience, which I bear withal,
There had not liv'd a more true-heated Subject.

Roch. It is but counterfeit, my gracious Lord,
And therefore may it please your Majesty,
To set your Hand unto this Precept here,
By which we'll cause him forthwith to appear,
And answer this by order of the Law.

King. Not only that, but take Commission
To search, attach, imprison, and condemn
This most notorious Traitor as you please.

Roch. It shall be done, my Lord, without delay :
So now I hold, Lord *Cobham*, in my Hand,
That which shall finish thy disdained Life.

King. I think the Iron Age begins but now,
Which learned Poets have so often taught,
Wherein there is no credit to be given
To either Words, or Looks, or solemn Oaths,
For if he were, how often hath he sworn,
How gently tun'd the Musick of his Tongue,
And with what amiable Face beheld he me,
When all, God knows, was but Hypocrisie.

Enter Lord Cobham.

Cob. Long Life and prosperous Reign unto my Lord.

King. Ah, Villain, canst thou wish Prosperity,
Whose Heart includeth nought but Treachery ?
I do arrest thee here my self, false Knight,
Of Treason capital against the State.

Cob. Of Treason, mighty Prince ? Your Grace mistakes,
I hope it is but in the way of Mirth.

King. Thy Neck shall feel it is in earnest shortly.
Dar'st thou intrude into my Presence, knowing

How heinously thou hast offended us?
 But this is thy accustomed deceit,
 Now thou perceiv'st thy Purpose is in vain,
 With some excuse or other thou wilt come
 To clear thy self of this Rebellion.

Cob. Rebellion! good my Lord, I know of none.

King. If you deny it, here is evidence.
 See you these Men; you never counsell'd,
 Nor offer'd them assistance in their Wars?

Cob. Speak, Sir, not one but all, I crave no favour,
 Have ever I been conversant with you?
 Or written Letters to incourage you?
 Or kindled by the least or smallest part
 Of this your late unnatural Rebellion?
 Speak, for I dare the uttermost you can.

Mur. In and out upon Occasion, I know you not.

King. No, didst thou not say, that Sir *John Oldcastle*
 Was one with whom you propos'd to have met?

Mur. True, I did say so, but in what respect,
 Because I heard it was reported so.

King. Was there no other Argument but that?

Act. I must confess we have no other Ground
 But only Rumour to accuse this Lord;
 Which now I see was meerly fabulous.

King. The more pernicious you to taint him then,
 Whom you know was not faulty, yea or no.

Cob. Let this, my Lord, which I present your Grace,
 Speak for my Loyalty, read these Articles.
 And then give Sentence of my Life or Death.

King. Earl *Cambridge*, *Scroop* and *Gray* corrupted
 With Bribes from *Charles* of *France*, either to win
 My Crown from me, or secretly contrive
 My Death by Treason? Is't possible?

Cob. There is the Platform, and their Hands, my Lord,
 Each severally subscribed to the same.

King. Oh, never-heard-of base Ingratitude!
 Even those I hug within my Bosom most,
 Are readiest evermore to sting my Heart.
 Pardon me, *Cobham*, I have done thee wrong,
 Hereafter I will live to make amends.
 Is then their time of meeting so near hand?
 We'll meet with them but little for their ease,

If God permit. Go take these Rebels hence,
Let them have Martial Law? but as for thee,
Friend to thy King and Country, still be free.

[*Exe.*

Mur. Be it more or less, what a World is this?
Would I had continued still of the Order of Knaves,
And ne'er sought Knighthood, since it costs
So dear: Sir *Roger*, I may thank you for all.

Act. Now 'tis too late to have it remedied,
I prithee, *Murley*, do not urge me with it.

Hunt. Will you away, and make no more to do?

Mur. Fie, paltry, paltry, to and fro, as Occasion serves,
If you be so hasty, take my Place.

Hunt. No, good Sir Knight, e'en take't your self.

Mur. I could be glad to give my betters place. [*Exe.*

Enter Bishop of Rochester, Lord Warden, Cromer the Sheriff, Lady Cobham and Attendants.

Roch. I tell ye, Lady, it's impossible
But you should know where he conveys himself.
And you have hid him in some secret Place.

L. Cob. My Lord, believe me, as I love my Soul,
I know not where my Lord my Husband is.

Roch. Go to, go to, ye are an Heretick,
And will be forc'd by Torture to confess,
If fair means will not serve to make you tell.

L. Cob. My Husband is a Noble Gentleman,
And need not hide himself for any Fact
'That e'er I heard of, therefore wrong him not.

Roch. Your Husband is a dangerous Schismatic,
'Traitor to God, the King, and Commonwealth,
And therefore, Mr. *Cromer*, Sheriff of *Kent*,
I charge you take her to your Custody,
And seize the Goods of Sir *John Oldcastle*,
'To the King's use; let her go in no more,
To fetch so much as her Apparel out,
'There is your Warrant from his Majesty.

War. Good my Lord Bishop, pacifie your wrath
Against the Lady.

Roch. Then let her confess
Where *Oldcastle* her Husband is conceal'd.

War. I dare engage mine Honour and my Life,
Poor Gentlewoman, she is ignorant

And innocent of all his Practices,
If any Evil by him be practised.

Roch. If, my Lord Warden? Nay then I charge
you,

That all Cinque-ports whereof you are chief,
Be laid forthwith, that he escapes us not.
Shew him his Highness' warrant, Mr. Sheriff.

War. I am sorry for the noble Gentleman.

Roch. Peace, he comes here, now do your Office.

Enter Harpool and Lord Cobham.

Cob. *Harpool*, what Business have we here in hand?
What makes the Bishop and the Sheriff here?

I fear my coming home is dangerous,
I would I had not made such haste to *Cobham*.

Har. Be of good cheer my Lord, if they be Foes, we'll
scramble shrewdly with them: If they be Friends they
are welcome.

Sher. Sir *John Oldcastle* Lord *Cobham*, in the King's
Name,

I arrest ye of high Treason.

Cob. Treason, Mr. *Cromer*?

Har. Treason, Mr. Sheriff, what Treason?

Cob. *Harpool*, I charge thee stir not, but be quiet.
Do ye arrest me of Treason, Mr. Sheriff?

Roch. Yea, of High Treason, Traitor, Heretick,

Cob. Defiance in his Face that calls me so,
I am as true a Loyal Gentleman
Unto his Highness, as my proudest Enemy.
The King shall witness my late faithful Service,
For safety of his sacred Majesty.

Roch. What thou art, the King's Hand shall testify,
Shew him, Lord Warden.

Cob. Jesu defend me:

Is't possible your cunning could so temper
The Princely disposition of his Mind,
To sign the damage of a Loyal Subject?
Well, the best is, it bears an antedate,
Procured by my absence and your malice.
But I, since that, have shew'd my self as true,
As any Churchman that dare challenge me.
Let me be brought before his Majesty,
If he acquit me not, then do your worst.

Roch.

Roeb. We are not bound to do kind Offices
For any Traitor, Schismatick, nor Heretick:
The King's Hand is our Warrant for our Work,
Who is departed on his way for *France*,
And at *Southampton* doth repose this Night.

Har. O that thou and I were within twenty Miles of
it, on *Salisbury Plain*! I would lose my Head if thou
brought'st thy Head hither again. [*Aside.*]

Cob. My Lord Warden o'th *Cinque-ports*, and Lord of
Rocheſter, ye are joint Commissioners, favour me so much;
on my expence, to bring me to the King.

Roeb. What, to *Southampton*?

Cob. Thither, my good Lord,
And if he do not clear me of all Guilt,
And all suspicion of Conspiracy,
Pawning his Princely warrant for my Truth:
I ask no Favour, but extreameſt Torture.
Bring me, or send me to him, good my Lord,
Good my Lord Warden, Mr. Sheriff entreat.

[*They both entreat for him.*]

Come hither, Lady, nay, sweet Wife, forbear
To heap one Sorrow on another's Neck:
'Tis grief enough failly to be accus'd,
And not permitted to acquit my self.
Do not thou with thy kind respective Tears,
Torment thy Husband's Heart that bleeds for thee:
But be of Comfort, God hath help in store
For those that put assured trust in him.
Dear Wife, if they commit me to the *Tower*,
Come up to *London*, to your Sister's House:
That being near me, you may comfort me.
One solace find I settled in my Soul,
'That I am free from Treason's very thought,
Only my Conscience for the Gospel's sake,
Is cause of all the Troubles I sustain.

L. Cob. O my dear Lord, what shall betide of us?
You to the *Tower*, and I turn'd out of Doors,
Our Substance seiz'd unto his highness' use,
Even to the Garments 'longing to our Backs.

Har. Patience, good Madam, things at worst will mend,
And if they do not, yet our Lives may end.

Roch. Urge it no more, for if an Angel spake,
I swear by sweet St. *Peter's* blessed Keys,
First goes he to the *Tower*, then to the Stake.

Sher. But by your leave, this Warrant doth not stretch
To Imprison her.

Roch. No, turn her out of Doors,
Even as she is, and lead him to the *Tower*,
With Guard enough, for fear of rescuing.

L. Cob. O God requite thee thou bloody-thirty Man.

Cob. May it not be, my Lord of *Rocheſter*?
Wherein have I incur'd your hate so far,
That my Appeal unto the King's deny'd?

Roch. No Hate of mine, but Pow'r of Holy Church,
Forbids all Favour to false Hereticks.

Cob. Your private Malice more than publick Pow'r,
Strikes most at me, but with my Life it ends.

Har. aside.] O that I had the Bishop in that fear
That once I had his *Sumner* by our selves.

Sher. My Lord, yet grant one Suit unto us all,
That this same ancient Servingman may wait
Upon my Lord his Master in the *Tower*.

Roch. This old Iniquity, this Heretick?
That in contempt of our Church Discipline,
Compell'd my *Sumner* to devour his Proceſs?
Old Russian past Grace, upstart Schismatick,
Had not the King pray'd us to pardon ye,
Ye had fried for't, ye grizled Heretick.

Har. 'Sblood, my Lord Bishop, ye wrong me, I am nei-
ther Heretick nor Puritan, but of the old Church; I'll
swear, drink Ale, kiss a Wench, go to Maſs, eat Fiſh all
Lent, and fast *Fridays* with Cakes and Wine, Fruit and
Spicery, thrive me of my old Sins afore *Eaſter*, and begin
new before *Whitſontide*.

Sher. A merry mad conceited Knave, my Lord.

Har. That Knave was ſimply put upon the Bishop.

Roch. Well, God forgive him, and I pardon him:
Let him attend his Master in the *Tower*,
For I in Charity wiſh his Soul no hurt.

Cob. God bleſs my Soul from ſuch cold Charity.

Roch. To th' *Tower* with him, and when my leiſure
I will examine him of Articles; serves,
Look, my Lord Warden, as you have in charge,

The

The Sheriff perform his Office.

War. Ay, my Lord.

Enter Sumner with Books.

Roch. What bring'st thou there? what, Books of Heresie?

Sum. Yea, my Lord, here's not a *Latin Book*,

No not so much as our Ladies Psalter :

Here's the Bible, the Testament, the Psalms in metre,

The Sick Man's Salve, the Treasure of Gladness,

All *English*, no not so much but the Almanack's *English*.

Roch. Away with them, to th' Fire with them, *Clun*,
Now fie upon these upstart Hereticks.

All *English*, burn them, burn them quickly, *Clun*.

Har. But do not, *Sumner*, as you'll answer it, for I have
there *English Books*, my Lord, that I'll not part withal for
your Bishoprick, *Bewis of Hampton, Owleglass, The Friar
and the Boy, Ellen of Rumming, Robin Hood*, and other such
godly Stories, which if you burn, by this Flesh I'll make
ye drink their Ashes in *St. Marger's Ale*. [Exe.

*Enter the Bishop of Rochester, with his Men in Livery
Coats.*

1 Ser. Is it your Honour's pleasure we shall stay,
Or come back in the Afternoon to fetch you.

Roch. Now have ye brought me here unto the *Tower*,
You may go back unto the Porter's Lodge,
Where, if I have occasion to employ you,
I'll send some Officer to call you to me.
Into the City go not, I command you,
Perhaps I may have present need to use you.

2 Ser. We will attend your Honour here without.

3 Ser. Come, we may have a *Quart of Wine* at the *Rose*
at *Barking*, and come back an hour before he'll go.

1 Ser. We must hie us then.

3 Ser. Let's away.

[Exeunt.]

Roch. Ho, Mr. Lieutenant.

Lieu. Who calls there?

Roch. A Friend of yours.

Lieu. My Lord of *Rochester*? your Honour's welcome.

Roch. Sir, here's my Warrant from the Council,
For Conference with Sir *John Oldcastle*,
Upon some matter of great Consequence.

Lieu. Ho, Sir *John*.

Har. Who calls there?

Lieu. Harpool, tell Sir *John*, that my Lord of *Rocheſter* Comes from the Council to confer with him.

I think you may as ſafe, without ſuſpicion,
As any Man in *England* as I hear,
For it was you moſt labour'd his Commitment.

Rob. I did, Sir, and nothing repent it, I aſſure you.

Enter Lord Cobham and Harpool.

Mr. Lieutenant, I pray you give us leave,
I muſt confer here with Sir *John* a little.

Lieu. With all Heart, my Lord.

[*Exit.*

Har. aſide.] My Lord, be rul'd by me, take this occaſion while it is offered, on my Life your Lordſhip will eſcape.

Cob. No more, I ſay, peace leaſt he ſhould ſuſpect it.

Rob. Sir *John*, I am come to you from the Lords of the Council, to know if you do recant your Errors.

Cob. My Lord of *Rocheſter*, on good advice,
I ſee my Error; but yet underſtand me,
I mean not Error in the Faith I hold,
But Error in ſubmitting to your Pleaſure,
Therefore your Lordſhip without more to do,
Muſt be a means to help me to eſcape.

Rob. What means, thou Heretick?

Dar'ſt thou but liſt thy Hand againſt my Calling?

Cob. No, not to hurt you, for a thouſand Pound.

Har. Nothing but to borrow your upper Garmenta little; not a word more, peace for waking the Children: There, put on, diſpatch, my Lord, the Window that goes out into the Leads is ſure enough; but for you, I'll bind you ſurely in the inner Room.

Cob. This is well begun, God ſend us happy ſpeed,
Hard ſhift you ſee Men make in time of need.

Enter Servingmen again.

1 *Ser.* I marvel that my Lord ſhould ſtay ſo long.

2 *Ser.* He hath ſent to ſeek us, I dare lay my Life.

3 *Ser.* We come in good time, ſee where he is coming.

Har. I beſeech you, good my Lord of *Rocheſter*, be favourable to my Lord and Maſter.

Cob. The inner Rooms be very hot and cloſe,
I do not like this Air here in the *Tower*.

Har. His caſe is hard, my Lord; you ſhall ſafely get out of the *Tower*, but I will down upon them: In which time

ger

Sir JOHN OLDCASTLE. 57

get you away. Hard under *Islington* wait you my coming.
I will bring my Lady ready with Horses to get hence.

Cob. Fellow, go back again unto my Lord, and counsel him.

Har. Nay, my good Lord of *Rocheſter*, I'll bring you to *St. Albans* through the Woods I warrant you.

Cob. Villain, away.

Har. Nay ſince I am paſt the *Tower's* Liberty.
You part not ſo.

[*He draws.*]

Cob. Clubs, Clubs, Clubs.

1 Ser. Murther, Murther, Murther.

2 Ser. Down with him.

Har. Out you cowardly Rogues. [*Cobham eſcapes.*]

Enter Lieutenant and his Men.

Lieu. Who is ſo bold to dare to draw a Sword
So near unto the entrance of the *Tower*?

1 Ser. This Ruſſian, Servant to Sir *John Oldcaſtle*, was
like to have ſlain my Lord.

Lieu. Lay hold on him.

Har. Stand off if you love your Puddings.

[*Biſhop of Rocheſter calls within.*]

Roch. Help, help, help, Mr. Lieutenant, help.

Lieu. Who's that within? Some Treason in the *Tower*,
on my life, look in, who's that which calls?

Enter Biſhop of Rocheſter bound.

Lieu. Without your Cloak, my Lord of *Rocheſter*?

Har. There, now it works; then let me ſpeed,
For now's the fitteſt time to ſcape away. [*Exit.*]

Lieu. Why do you look ſo ghawſtly and affrighted?

Roch. *Oldcaſtle* that Traitor, and his Man,
When you had left me to confer with him,
Took, bound, and ſtript me, as you ſee.
And left me lying in this inner Chamber,
And ſo departed, and I——

Lieu. And you! Ne'er ſay that, the Lord *Cobham's* Man
Did here ſet on you like to murther you.

1 Ser. And ſo he did.

Roch. It was upon his Maſter then he did,
That in the brawl the Traitor might eſcape.

Lieu. Where is this *Harpool*?

2 Ser. Here he was even now.

Lieu.

Lieu. Where, can you tell? they are both escap'd,
 Since it so happens that he is escap'd,
 I am glad you are a witness of the same:
 It might have else been laid unto my Charge,
 That I had been consenting to the Fact.

Rock. Come,
 Search shall be made for him with expedition,
 The Haven's laid that he shall not escape,
 And hue and cry continue through *England*,
 To find this damned, dangerous Heretick. [*Exeunt.*
Enter Cambridge, Scroop, and Gray, as in a Chamber,
and set down at a Table, consulting about their Treason, King
Harry and Suffolk listening at the Door.

Cam. In mine Opinion, *Scroop* hath well advis'd,
 Poison will be the only aptest mean,
 And fittest for our purpose to dispatch him.

Gray. But yet there may be doubt in their delivery,
Harry is wise, and therefore, Earl of *Cambridge*,
 I judge that way not so convenient.

Scroop. What think ye then of this? I am his Bedsfellow,
 And unsuspected nightly sleep with him.
 What if I venture in those silent hours,
 When Sleep hath sealed up all mortal Eyes,
 To murder him in Bed? how like ye that?

Cam. Herein consists no safety for your self,
 And you disclos'd, what shall become of us?
 But this Day, as ye know, he will aboard,
 The Wind's so fair, and set away for *France*,
 If as he goes, or entring in the Ship
 It might be done, then were it excellent.

Gray. Why any of these, or if you will,
 I'll cause a present sitting of the Council,
 Wherein I will pretend some matter of such weight,
 As needs must have his Royal Company,
 And so dispatch him in his Council Chamber.

Cam. Tush, yet I hear not any thing to purpose.
 I wonder that Lord *Cobham* stays so long,
 His Council in this Case would much avail us.

[*The King steps in upon them with his Lords.*

Scroop. What, shall we rise thus, and determine nothing?

King. That were a shame indeed: No, sit again,
 And you shall have my Counsel in this case:

If you can find no way to kill the King,
Then you shall see how I can furnish ye;
Scroop's way by Poison was indifferent,
But yet being Bed-fellow to the King,
And unsuspected, sleeping in his Bosom,
In mine Opinion that's the likelier way.
For such false Friends are able to do much,
And silent Night is Treason's fittest Friend.
Now, *Cambridge*, in his setting hence for *France*,
Or by the way, or as he goes aboard
To do the deed, that was indifferent too,
But somewhat doubtful.

Marry, Lord *Gray* came very near the point,
To have the King at Council, and there murder him,
As *Cæsar* was among his dearest Friends.
Tell me, oh tell me, you bright Honour's stains,
For which of all my Kindnesses to you,
Are ye become thus Traitors to the King?
And *France* must have the Spoil of *Harry's* Life.

All. Oh pardon us, dread Lord.

King. How! pardon ye? that were a Sin indeed,
Drag them to Death, which justly they deserve:
And *France* shall dearly buy this Villany,
So soon as we set footing on her Breast.
God have the praise for our Deliverance,
And next our Thanks, Lord *Cobham*, is to thee
True perfect Mirror of Nobility. [Exeunt.

Enter Priest and Doll.

Priest. Come *Doll*, come, be merry, Wench.
Farewel *Kent*, we are not for thee.
Be lusty, my Lads, come for *Lancashire*,
We must nip the Bough for these Crowns.

Doll. Why is all the Gold spent already, that you had
the other Day?

Priest. Gone, *Doll*, gone; flown, spent, vanish'd, the
Devil, Drink, and Dice, has devoured all.

Doll. You might have left me in *Kent*, till you had
been better provided.

Priest. No, *Doll*, no, *Kent's* too hot, *Doll*, *Kent's* too hot;
the Weathercock of *Wrotham* will crow no longer, we
have pluckt him, he has lost his Feathers, I have prun'd
him bare, leit him thrice, is moulted, moulted, Wench.

Doll.

Doll. I might have gone to Service again, old Mr. *Harpoal* told me he would provide me a Mistress.

Priest. Peace *Doll*, Peace; come, mad Wench, I'll make thee an honest Woman, we'll into *Lancashire* to our Friends, the troth is, I'll marry thee; we want but a little Mony, and Mony we will have I warrant thee; stay, who comes here? Some *Irish* Villain methinks that hath slain a Man, and now he is rifling on him; stand close, *Doll*, we'll see the end.

Enter the Irishman with his dead Master, and rifles him.

Irish. Alas poe Master, Sir *Richard Lee*, be St. *Patrick*, is rob and cut thy trote, for de shain, and dy Mony, and dy Gold Ring, be me truly is love de well, but now dow be kill de, be shitten Knave

Priest. Stand, Sirrah, what art thou?

Irish. Be St. *Patrick* Mester, is poor *Irishman*, is a leuffer.

Priest. Sirrah, Sirrah, you're a damn'd Rogue, you have kill'd a Man here, and rifled him of all that he has; 'sblood you Rogue deliver, or I'll not leave you so much as a Hair above your Shoulders, you whoreson *Irish* Dog. [*Robs him.*]

Irish. We's me St. *Patrick*, Ise kill my Master for shain and his Ring, and now's be rob of all, me's undo.

Priest. Avant you Rascal, go Sirrah, be walking. Come *Doll*, the Devil laughs when one Thief robs another; come Wench, we'll to St. *Albans*, and revel in our Bower, my brave Girl.

Doll. O thou art old Sir *John* when all's done 'ifaith. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter the Irishman with the Host of the House.

Irish. Be me tro Master is poor *Irishman*, is want ludging, is have no Mony, is starve and cold, good Master give her some Meat, is famise and tye.

Host. Faith Fellow I have no Lodging, but what I keep for my Guests; as for Meat, thou shalt have as much as there is, and if thou wilt lye in the Barn, there's fair Straw, and room enough.

Irish. Is tank my Master hertily.

Host. Ho, *Robin*.

Rob. Who calls?

Host. Shew this poor *Irishman* to the Barn, go Sirrah.

Enter Carrier and Kate.

Club. Who's within here? who looks to the Horses? Uds hat, here's fine Work, the Hens in the Manger, and the

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the Hogs in the Litter, a bots found you all, here's a House well lookt to, i'faith.

Kate. Mas *Goff Club*, Ise very cawd.

Club. Get in, *Kate*, get in to the Fire and warm thee.

John Ostler?

Host. What, *Gaffer Club*, welcome to *St. Albans*, How do's all our Friends in *Lancashire*?

Club. Well, God a Mercy *John*, how do's *Tom*, where is he?

Ostl. *Tom's* gone from hence, he's at the three Horse-loaves at *Stony-Stratford*: How do's old *Dick Dun*?

Club. Uds hat, old *Dun* is moyr'd in a slough in *Brick-bill-lane*; a plague found it, yonders such abomination Weather as was never seen.

Ostl. Uds hat Thief, have one half Peck of Pease and Oats more for that, as I am *John Ostler*, he has been ever as a good Jade as ever travelled.

Club. Faith well said, old *Jack*, thou art the old Iad still.

Ostl. Come, *Gaffer Club*, unload, unload, and get to Supper.

Enter the Host, Lord Cobham, and Harpool.

Host. Sir, you're welcome to this House, to such as is here with all my Heart; but I fear your Lodging will be the worst. I have but two Beds, and they are both in a Chamber, and the Carrier and his Daughter lies in the one, and you and your Wife must lye in the other.

Cob. Faith, Sir, for myself I do not greatly pass, My Wife is weary, and would be at rest, For we have travell'd very far to day. We must be content with such as you have.

Host. But I cannot tell how to do with your Man.

Har. What? hast thou never an empty Room in thy House for me?

Host. Not a Bed in troth. There came a poor *Irish-man*, and I lodg'd him in the Barn, where he has fair Straw, although he have nothing else.

Har. Well, mine Host, I prithee help me to a pair of clean Sheets, and I'll go lodge with him.

Host. By the Mass that thou shalt, a good pair of hempen Sheets were ne'er lain in: come. [Exeunt.]

Enter Constable, Mayor, and Watch.

Mayor. What? have you searcht the Town?

Con.

Con. All the Town, Sir, we have not left a House in search'd that uses to lodge.

Mayor. Surely my Lord of *Rocheſter* was then deceiv'd,
Or ill inform'd of Sir *John Oldcaſtle*;
Or if he came this way, he's paſt the Town,
He could not elſe have 'eſcap'd you in the Search.

Con. The privy Watch hath been abroad all Night,
And not a Stranger lodgeth in the Town
But he is known, only a luſty Prieſt
We found a-Bed with a pretty Wench,
That ſays ſhe is his Wife, yonder at the *Shears*;
But we have charg'd the Hoſt with his forth coming
To morrow Morning.

Mayor. What think you beſt to do?

Con. Faith, Mr. Mayor, here's a few ſtragling Houſes
beyond the Bridge, and a little Inn where Carriers uſe to
lodge, although I think ſurely he would ne'er lodge there;
but we'll go ſearch, and the rather becauſe there came
Notice to the Town the laſt Night of an *Irishman*, that
had done a Murther, whom we are to make ſearch for.

Mayor. Come, I pray, you and be Circumſpect. [*Exeunt.*]

Con. Firſt beſet the Houſe, before you begin to ſearch.

Off. Content, every Man take a ſeveral place.

[*A Noiſe within.*]

Keep, keep, ſtrike him down there, down with him.

Enter Conſtable with the Irishman in Harpool's Apparel.

Con. Come you villainous Heretick, tell us where your
Maſter is.

Irish. Vat Meſter?

Mayor. Vat Meſter? you counterfeit Rebel? This ſhall
not ſerve your turn.

Irish. By Sent *Patrick* I ha no Meſter.

Con. Where's the Lord *Cobham*, Sir *John Oldcaſtle*, that
lately eſcaped out of the *Tower*?

Irish. Vat Lord *Cobham*?

Mayor. You Counterfeit, this ſhall not ſerve you, we'll
torture you, we'll make you confeſs where that arch He-
retick is. Come bind him faſt.

Irish. Ahone, ahone, ahone, a Cree.

Con. Ahone, you crafty Rascal? [*Exeunt.*]

Lord Cobham comes out ſtealing in his Gown.

Cob. *Harpool, Harpool*, I hear a marvellous Noiſe about
the

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the House, God warrant us, I fear we are pursu'd; what, Harpool?

Har. within.] Who calls there?

Cob. 'Tis I, dost thou not hear a Noise about the House?

Har. Yes, marry do I, 'zounds I cannot find my Horse; this *Irish* Rascal, that lodg'd with me all Night, hath stoln my Apparel, and has left me nothing but a lowsie Mantle, and a pair of Broags. Get up, get up, and if the Carrier and his Wench be asleep, change you with him as he hath done with me, and see if he can 'scape.

Noise heard about the House a pretty while, then enter the Constable meeting Harpool in the Irishman's Apparel.

Con. Stand close, here comes the *Irishman* that did the Murther, by all Tokens this is he.

Mayor. And perceiving the House beset, would get away; stand, Sirrah.

Har. What art thou that bid'st me stand?

Con. I am the Officer, and am come to search for an *Irishman*, such a Villain as thy self; thou hast murther'd a Man this last Night by the high-way.

Har. 'Sblood Constable art thou mad? am I an *Irishman*?

Mayor. Sirrah, we'll find you an *Irishman* before we part; lay hold upon him.

Con. Make him fast, O thou bloody Rogue!

Enter Lord Cobham and his Lady, in the Carrier and Wench's Apparel.

Cob. What will these Ostlers sleep all Day?

Good morrow, good morrow, come Wench, come; Saddle, Saddle, now afore God two fair Days, ha?

Con. Who goes there?

Mayor. O 'tis *Lancashire* Carrier, let them pass.

Cob. What, will no body ope the Gates here? Come, let's int' Stable to look for our Capons.

[Exeunt Cobham and his Lady.]

Club. Host, why Ostler?

[The Carrier calling.]

Zwooks here's such abomination Company of Boys:

A Pox of this Pigsty at the House end,

It fills all the House full of Fleas: Ostler, Ostler.

Ost. Who calls there? what would you have?

Club. Zwooks, do you rob your Guests?

Do you lodge Rogues, and Slaves, and Scoundrels, ha?

They

They ha' stol'n our Cloaths here? why Ostler?

Ostl. A murren choak you, what a bawling you keep!

Host. How now? what would the Carrier have?

Look up there

Ostl. They say the Man and the Woman that lay by them, have stoln their Cloaths.

Host. What are they strange Folks up yet that came in Yester Night?

Con. What mine Host, up so early?

Host. What Mr. Mayor, and Mr. Constable?

Mayor. We are come to seek for some suspected Persons, and such as here we found have apprehended.

Enter Carrier and Kate, in Cobham and Lady's Apparel.

Con. Who comes here?

Club. Who comes here? A plague found ome, you bawl quoth a, odds bat I'll forswear your House; you lodg'd a Fellow and his Wife by us, that ha' run away with our Parrel, and left us such Gew-Gaws here; come *Kate*, come to me, thowse dizeard y'faith.

Mayor. Mine Host, know you this Man?

Host. Yes, Master Mayor, I'll give my word for him, why Neighbour *Club*, how comes this gear about?

Kate. Now a foul on't, I cannot make this Gew-gaw stand on my Head

Con. How come this Man and Woman thus attired?

Host. Here came a Man and Woman hither this last Night, which I did take for substantial People, and lodg'd all in one chamber by these Folks; methinks have been so bold to change Apparel, and gone away this Morning e'er they rose.

Mayor. That was that Traitor *Oldcastle* that thus escapt us; make hue and cry after him, keep fast the traiterous Rebel his Servant there; farewell, mine Host.

Car. Come *Kate Owdham*, thou and Ise trimly dizard.

Kate. I faith mean *Club*, Ise won't ne'er what to do. Ise be so flouted and so shouted at; and by th' Mefs Ise cry. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Cobham and his Lady disguis'd.

Cob. Come, Madam, happily escap'd, here let us sit, This Place is far remote from any Path,
And here a while our weary Limbs may rest
To take refreshing, free from the pursuit
Of envious *Rocheester*.

L. Cob.

L. Cob. But where, my Lord,
Shall we find rest for our disquiet Minds?
There dwell untamed Thoughts that hardly stoop
To such abasement of disdain'd Rags:
We were not wont to travel thus by Night,
Especially on Foot.

Cob. No matter, Love, extremities admit no better choice:
And were it not for thee, say froward time
Impos'd a great Task, I would esteem it
As lightly as the Wind that blows upon us;
But in thy sufferance I am doubly taskt;
Thou wast not wont to have the Earth thy Stool,
Nor the moist dewy Grass thy Pillow, nor
Thy Chamber to be the wide Horizon.

L. Cob. How can it seem a trouble, having you
A Partner with me, in the worst I feel?
No, gentle Lord, your Presence would give ease
To Death it self, should he now seize upon me.

[*Here's Bread and Cheese, and a Bottle.*
Behold what my foresight hath underta'en
For fear we faint, they are but homely Cates,
Yet sawc'd with Hunger, they may seem as sweet
As greater Dainties we are wont to taste.

Cob. Praise be to him, whose plenty sends both this
And all things else our mortal Bodies need:
Nor scorn we this poor feeding, nor the State
We now are in, for what is it on Earth,
Nay under Heav'n, continues at a stay?
Ebbs not the Sea, when it hath overflown?
Follows not Darkness, when the Day is gone?
And see we not sometimes the Eye of Heav'n
Dim'd with o'er-flying Clouds? There's not that work
Of careful Nature, or of cunning Art,
How strong, how beauteous, or how rich it be,
But falls in time to ruin. Here, gentle Madam,
In this one Draught I wash my Sorrow down. [*Drinks.*

L. Cob. And I, encourag'd with your cheartful Speech,
Will do the like.

Cob. Pray God poor *Harpool* come,
If he should fall into the Bishop's Hands,
Or not remember where we bad him meet us,
It were the thing of all things else, that now

Could

Could breed revolt in this new peace of Mind.

L. Cob. Fear not, my Lord, he's witty to devise,
And strong to execute a present shift.

Cob. That Power be still his Guide hath guided us.
My drowsie Eyes wax heavy; early rising,
Together with the Travel we have had,
Makes me that I could take a Nap,
Were I perswaded we might be secure.

L. Cob. Let that depend on me, whilst you do sleep,
I'll watch that no Misfortune happen us.

Cob. I shall, dear Wife, be too much trouble to thee.

L. Cob. Urge not that,
My Duty binds me, and your Love commands;
I would I had the skill with tuned Voice
To draw on sleep with some sweet Melody.
But imperfection and unaptness too
Are both repugnant: Fear inserts the one,
The other Nature hath denied me use.
But what talk I of means, to purchase that
Is freely happen'd? Sleep with gentle Hand,
Hath shut his Eye-lids. O Victorious Labour,
How soon thy Pow'r can charm the Body's Sense?
And now thou likewise climb'st unto my Brain,
Making my heavy Temple stoop to thee,
Great God of Heaven from Danger keep us free.

[Falls asleep.]

Enter Sir Richard Lee, and his Men.

Lee. A Murther closely done, and in my Ground?
Search carefully, if any were it were,
This obscure Thicket is the likeliest Place.

Ser. Sir, I found the Body stiff with cold,
And mangled cruelly with many Wounds.

Lee. Look if thou know'st him, turn his Body up:
Alack, it is my Son, my Son and Heir,
Whom two Years since I sent to Ireland,
To practice there the Discipline of War,
And coming home, for so he wrote to me,
Some savage Heart, some bloody devillish Hand,
Either in hate, or thirsting for his Coin,
Hath here sluc'd out his Blood. Unhappy hour,
A curfed Place, but most unconstant Fate,
That hadst reserv'd him from the Bullets fire,

And

And suffer'd him to 'scape the Wood-kerns fury,
 Didst here ordain the Treasure of his Life,
 Even here within the Arms of tender Peace,
 To be consum'd by Treason's wasteful Hand?
 And, which is most afflicting to my Soul,
 That this his Death and Murder should be wrought,
 Without the Knowledge by whose means 'twas done.

2 *Ser.* Not so, Sir, I have found the Authors of it,
 See where they sit, and in their bloody Filts
 The fatal Instruments of Death and Sin.

Lee. Just Judgment of that Power, whose gracious Eye,
 Loathing the sight of such a heinous Fact,
 Dazling their Senses with benumbing Sleep,
 'Till their unhallowed Treachery was known.
 Awake ye Monsters, Murtherers awake,
 Tremble for Horror, blush you cannot chuse,
 Beholding this unhuman Deed of yours.

Cob. What mean you, Sir, to trouble weary Souls,
 And interrupt us of our quiet Sleep?

Lee. O devilish! can you boast unto your selves
 Of quiet Sleep, having within your Hearts
 The guilt of Murder waking, that which cries,
 Deafs the loud Thunder, and sollicit Heav'n
 With more than Mandrakes Shrieks for your Offence?

L. Cob. What Murder? You upbraid us wrongfully.

Lee. Can you deny the Fact? See you not here
 The Body of my Son, by you misdone?
 Look on his Wounds, look on his Purple hue!
 Do we not find you where the Deed was done?
 Were not your Knives fast closed in your Hands?
 Is not this Cloth an Argument beside,
 Thus stain'd and spotted with his innocent Blood?
 These speaking Characters, were there nothing else
 To plead against ye, would convict you both.
 To *Hartford* with them, where the Sizes now are kept,
 Their Lives shall answer for my Son's lost Life.

Cob. As we are innocent, so may we speed.

Lee. As I am wrong'd, so may the Law proceed. [*Exeunt.*
Enter Bishop of Rochester Constable of St. Albans, with
Priest, Doll, and the Irishman in Harpool's Apparel.

Rob. What intricate Confusion have we here?
 Not two hours since we apprehended one

In Habit *Irish*, but in Speech not so;
 And now you bring another, that in Speech is *Irish*,
 But in Habit *English*: Yea, and more than so,
 The Servant of that Heretick Lord Cobham.

Irish. Fait me be no Servant of de Lort Cobham,
 Me be Mack Chanse of Ulster.

Roch. Otherwise call'd Harpool of Kent, go to, Sir,
 You cannot blind us with your broken *Irish*.

Priest. Trust me, said Bishop, whether *Irish* or *English*,
Harpool or not *Harpool*, that I leave to the Trial;
 But sure I am, this Man by Face and Speech,
 Is he that murder'd young Sir Richard Lee:
 I met him presently upon the Fact,
 And that he slew his Master for that Gold,
 Those Jewels, and that Chain I took from him.

Roch. Well, our Affairs do call us back to London,
 So that we cannot prosecute the Cause
 As we desire to do, therefore we leave
 The Charge with you, to see they are convey'd
 To *Hartford* Size: Both this Counterfeit,
 And you, Sir *John* of *Wiotham*, and your Wench,
 For you are culpable as well as they,
 Though not for Murther, yet for Felony.
 But since you are the means to bring to light
 This graceless Murther, ye shall bear with you
 Our Letters to the Judges of the Bench,
 To be your Friends in what they lawful may.

Priest. I thank your Lordship.

[Exeunt]

Enter Goaler, bringing forth Lord Cobham.

Goal. Bring forth the Prisoners, see the Court prepar'd
 The Justices are coming to the Bench:
 So, let him stand, away and fetch the rest.

[Exit]

Cob. O give me Patience to endure this Scourge,
 Thou that art Fountain of that virtuous Stream,
 And tho' contempt of Witness and Reproach
 Hang on these Iron Gyves, to press my Life
 As low as Earth, yet strengthen me with Faith,
 That I may mount in Spirit above the Clouds.

Enter Goaler, bringing in Lady Cobham and Harpool.
 Here comes my Lady, Sorrow 'tis for her,
 Thy Wound is grievous, else I scoff at thee.
 What and poor *Harpool*! art thou i'th' Briars too?

Har.

Har. I'faith, my Lord, I am in, get out how I can.

L. Cob. Say, gentle Lord, for now we are alone,
And may confer, shall we confesse in brief,
Of whence and what we are, and so prevent
The Accusation is commenc'd against us!

Cob. What will that help us? Being known, sweet Love,
We shall for Heresie be put to Death,
For so they term the Religion we profess.
No, if we dye, let this our Comfort be,
That of the Guilt impos'd our Souls are free.

Har. Ay, ay, my Lord, Harpool is so resolv'd,
I wreak of Death the less in that I die,
Not by the Sentence of that envious Priest.

L. Cob. Well, be it then according as Heaven please.
Enter Lord Judge, Justices, Mayor of St. Albans, Lord Powis, and his Lady, Old Sir Richard Lee: The Judge and Justices take their Places.

Judge. Now, Mr. Mayor, what Gentleman is that
you bring with you upon the Bench?

Mayor. The Lord Powis, if it like your Honour,
and this his Lady travelling toward Wales;
Who, for they lodg'd last Night within my House,
and my Lord Bishop did lay wait for such,
were very willing to come on with me,
lest for their sakes, suspicion we might wrong.

Judge. We cry your Honour mercy, good my Lord,
I'll't please you take your place. Madam, your Ladyship
say here, or where you will, repose your self,
till this business now in hand be past.

Exeunt L. Pow. I will withdraw into some other Room,
that your Lordship and the rest be pleas'd.

par'd Judge. With all our Hearts: Attend the Lady there.

[Exit Pow. Wife, I have ey'd yon Pris'ners all this while,
and my Conceit doth tell me, 'tis our Friend
the noble Cobham, and his virtuous Lady,

Pow. I think no less, are they suspected for this Murther?

Pow. What it means
I cannot tell, but we shall know anon.

at time as you pass by them, ask the question,
do it secretly, you be not seen,
make some sign, that I know your Mind.

ool. *[As she passes over the Stage by them.]*

L. Pow.

Har.

L. Pow. My Lord *Cobham* ! Madam ?

Cob. No *Cobham* now, nor Madam, as you love us,
But *John* of *Lancashire*, and *Joan* his Wife,

L. Pow. O tell, what is it that our love can do
To pleasure you, for we are bound to you ?

Cob. Nothing but this ; that you conceal our Names ;
So, gentle Lady, pass for being spied.

L. Pow. My Heart I leave, to bear part of your Grief,

[Exit.

Judge. Call the Prisoners to the Bar : Sir *Richard Lee*,
What Evidence can you bring against those People,
To prove them guilty of the Murder done ?

Lee. This bloody Towel, and these naked Knives,
Beside, we found them sitting by the Place,
Where the dead Body lay within a Bush.

Judge. What answer you, why Law should not proceed
According to this Evidence given in,
'To tax ye with the Penalty of Death ?

Cob. That we are free from Murder's very thought,
And know not how the Gentleman was slain.

1 *Just.* How came this linnen-cloth so bloody then ?

L. Cob. My Husband, hot with travelling, my Lord,
His Nose gusht out a bleeding, that was it. (sheath'd

2 *Just.* But how came your sharp-edg'd Knives un-

L. Cob. To cut such simple Victual as we had.

Judge. Say we admit this Answer to these Articles,
What made you in so private a dark Nook,
So far remote from any common Path,
As was the Thicket where the dead Corps was thrown ?

Cob. Journeying, my Lord, from *London* from the Term
Down into *Lancashire*, where we do dwell ;
And what with Age, and Travel being faint,
We gladly sought a place where we might rest,
Free from resort of other Passengers,
And so we stray'd into that secret Corner.

Judge. These are but ambages to drive off time,
And linger Justice from her purpos'd end.
But who are these ?

Enter Constable with the Irishman, Priest, and Doll.

Con. Stay Judgment, and release those Innocents,
For here is he whose Hand hath done the Deed,
For which they stand indicted at the Bar ;

This savage Villain, this rude *Irish* Slave,
His Tongue already hath confess'd the Fact,
And here is witness to confirm as much.

Priest. Yes, my good Lord, no sooner had he flatter'd
His loving Master for the Wealth he had,
But I upon the instant met with him :
And what he purchas'd with the loss of Blood,
With strokes I presently bereav'd him of,
Some of the which is spent, the rest remaining,
I willingly surrender to the Hands
Of old Sir *Richard Lee*, as being his ;
Beside, my Lord Judge, I greet your Honour
With Letters from my Lord of *Rocheſter* [*Deliver* them.]

Lee. Is this the Wolf, whose thirsty Throat did drink
My dear Son's Blood ? Art thou the Snake
He cherisht, yet with envious piercing Sting
Assail'd him mortally ? Were't not that the Law
Stands ready to revenge thy Cruelty.

Traitor to God, thy Master, and to me,
These Hands should be thy Executioner.

Judge. Patience, Sir *Richard Lee*, you shall have Justice ;
The Fact is odious, therefore take him hence,
And being hang'd until the Wretch be dead,
His Body after shall be hang'd in Chains,
Near to the Place where he did act the Murder.

Irish. Prithee, Lord Shudge, let me have mine own
Cloaths, my Strouces there, and let me be hang'd in a
Wyth after my Country the *Irish* Fashion. [*Exit.*

Judge. Go to, away with him. And now, Sir *John*,
Although by you this Murder came to light,
Yet upright Law will not hold you excus'd,
For you did rob the *Irishman*, by which
You stand attainted here of Felony :
Beside, you have been lewd, and many Years
Led a lascivious, unbeseeming life. (mend now,

Priest. O but, my Lord, Sir *John*, repents, and he will

Judge. In hope thereof, together with the favour
My Lord of *Rocheſter* intreats for you,
We are content you shall be proved.

Priest. I thank your Lordship.

Judge. These falsely here accus'd, and brought
In peril wrongfully, we in like sort do set at liberty.

Lee.

72 *The HISTORY of, &c.*

Lee. And for amends,
Touching the wrong unwittingly I have done,
I give these few Crowns.

Judge. Your kindness merits Praise, *Sir Richard Lee.*
So let us hence. [*Exeunt all but Powis and Cobham.*]

Pow. But *Powis* still must stay,
There yet remains a part of that true Love,
He owes his noble Friend, unsatisfied
And unperform'd, which first of all doth bind me
To gratulate your Lordship's safe delivery:
And then intreat, that since unlookt for thus
We here are met, your Honour would vouchsafe
To ride with me to *Wales*, where though my Power,
(Though not to quittance those great Benefits
I have receiv'd of you) yet both my House,
My Purse, my Servants, and what else I have,
Are all at your Command. Deny me not,
I know the Bishop's Hate pursues ye so,
As there's no safety in abiding here.

Cob. 'Tis true, my Lord, and God forgive him for it.

Pow. Then let us hence, you shall be straight provided
Of lusty Geldings: and once entred *Wales*,
Well may the Bishop hunt, but spight his Face,
He never more shall have the Game in Chace. [*Exeunt.*]

F I N I S.



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